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"STRANGE, I remember it so clearly—and more than 20 years seems just a short while ago. For it's thanks to what happened Christmas afternoon in 1927 that we're retired and living in California today.

"That holiday afternoon Dot and I sat by the living-room fire, reading. Christmas always made me kind of stop and take stock. And *this* year I was turning forty. *I'm not getting any younger,* I thought, as I leafed through a copy of The Literary Digest.

"For years we'd dreamed that some day I would retire. We'd sell the house and move to Southern California.

"But we hadn't banked much. At almost forty, nearly half my working life was behind me. So I began to wonder that afternoon . . . *must I just live and work and die?*

"It was what I was thinking, I suppose, that made me notice the page that said, 'You don't have to be rich to retire on an income.' There *was,* it said, a way for a salaried man to get a lifetime income of $200 a month at 60 and retire. The plan was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. I cut out the coupon.

"Soon my mail brought a booklet telling me about Phoenix Mutual Plans. I read it through, and I found one just right for me.

"We saw the stock market crash—depression—war. Again and again, we were thankful for our Phoenix Mutual Plan.

"Well, Christmas 1947 came, and I was set to retire. Soon after, my first Phoenix Mutual check for $200 arrived. We sold our house and drove west. We've a perfect little place here. And every month the postman hands us our paycheck. We're financially independent, *for life.*"

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PLAN FOR MEN | PLAN FOR WOMEN

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"TRIO"

BECAUSE Paramount has produced a fine successor to Somerset Maugham's *Quartet*. These three episodes by the master storyteller are a rich slice of life: *The Verger* becomes a millionaire after he loses his church job because he cannot read or write; in *Sanitorium*, two consumptives seize fleeting happiness which shortens their lives; *Mr. Knowall* tells of a universally disliked man who displays a surprising turn of heart.

"MISTER 880"

BECAUSE whimsey and fact have been happily blended in this 20th Century-Fox movie about a lovable counterfeiter (*Edmund Gwenn*). His methods are so unorthodox—he makes only about 50 one-dollar bills a month—that he has become one of the Treasury's oldest cases. Finally caught, his naïve innocence wins over his captors, and an alert Secret Service man keeps him from paying his dollar fine with a bogus bill.

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"

BECAUSE this M-G-M story of a quest for diamonds turns out to be one of the year's top adventures. In 1897, Africa is still the Dark Continent—wild, mysterious, abrim with sudden death. When Elizabeth Curtis (*Deborah Kerr*) and her brother (*Richard Carlson*) hire a hunter (*Steward Granger*) to help them find King Solomon's Mines and her missing husband, they set in motion a chain of events that change their lives.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Interest is expressed by onlookers as an artist sketches the city hall in Brussels.

In Paris' Montmartre section, there seems to be a painter in every house.

An artist in Rheinfelden, Switzerland. is interested in watching a child's reaction.

Intensity in their work often makes artists forget their surroundings completely.

FOR ART'S SAKE

PROFESSIONAL PAINTERS, according to legend, attract interest only after they are a success. The family of an aspiring artist is usually inclined to be a trifle uncertain about his profession, or worse, skeptical.

In Europe, however, even an amateur wins respectful attention when he sets up his easel. Everywhere, one sees earnest artists, recording their impressions of street corners and people. Often they stop work, look questioningly at their audience of amateur critics, and go happily back to work.

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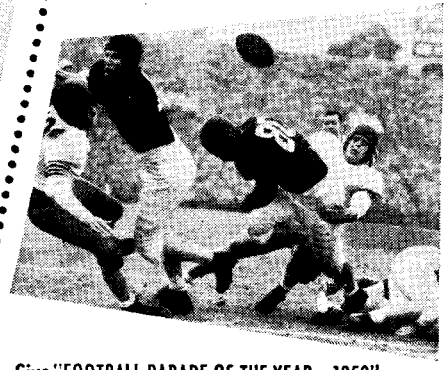

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Gigi Perreau, Samuel Goldwyn star, has made 17 movies since she began acting.

Of Russian parentage, Natalie Wood spoke German in her first R-K-O movie.

Dunc Richardson got into a Warner's movie because he resembled Doris Day.

Chosen from 75 girls for a 20th Century film, Shari Robinson became a star.

Stars of Youth

WHEN JACKIE COOGAN entranced Americans as a child actor, producers realized that youth on the screen meant lines at the box office. In scores of talented youngsters, they found sure-fire stars; but there was always the nagging thought that childhood, like spring, wouldn't last. Yet, like spring, children keep coming to the screen, all masters at touching the nation's heart, all candidates for the title: America's Youngest Sweetheart.

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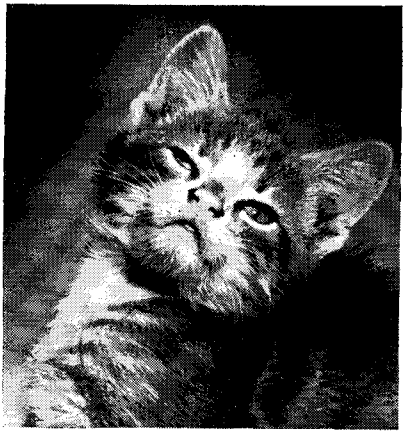
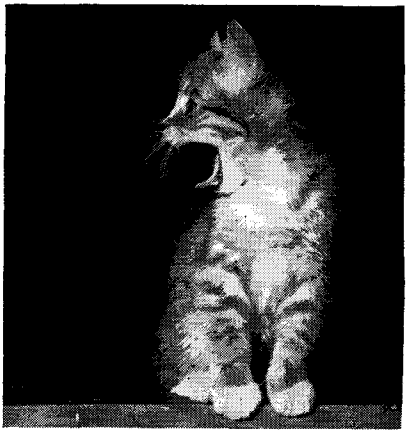


"You know I wouldn't hurt you, Dear."

"I'd love to have this dance with you."

"What canary are you talking about?"



"I don't care if I never see you again."

CAT NIPS

RESPECTABLE CATS, from as far back in history as early Egypt, have considered it proper and convenient to let Man support, pamper, and even idolize them, but never at the price of their independence. They have accepted our gifts of catnip pillows, satin ribbons, and fish dinners with dignity. In return, they have allowed an occasional caress by their eager "masters."

Cats have enjoyed the privilege of watching Man's antics and rarely having to imitate him. When they do seem to be copying him, there is always the question: "Who had the expression first, cat or man?"

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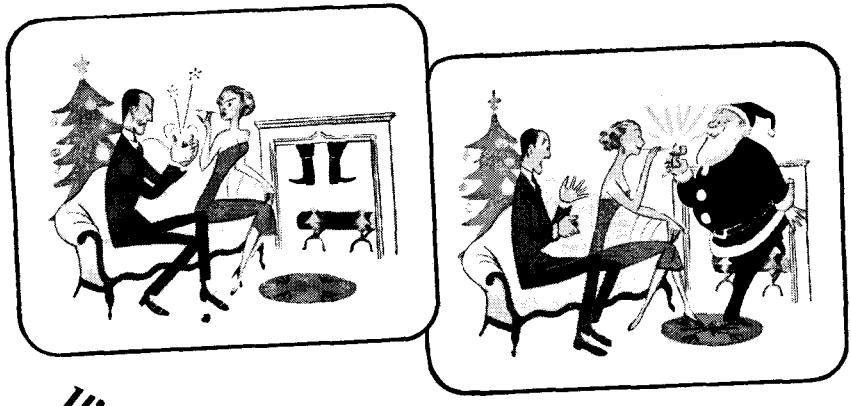

Why zip, zip, zip...when one zip does it!

This Christmas Give a ZIPPO

the one-zip windproof lighter!

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City of Nations

AMERICANS ARE accustomed to thinking of New York as the great Melting Pot of peoples from all over the world. Few, however, realize that within the huge, throbbing metropolis many quiet, "neighborhood" nations are tucked away—peaceful islands amid restless big-city tides.

The majority of the "little nations" were established during the great waves of immigration around the turn of the century. Lost in the bewildering maze of a new country, peoples from older lands gathered together, not only to help one another, but also to preserve the culture and customs that were a heritage of centuries.

Today, their grandchildren and great-grandchildren still carry on Old World traditions. They are New Yorkers during the day, but the evening may find them donning colorful costumes to sing and dance to the folk music of far-off lands.

Festivals are a commonplace occurrence in New York. Visitors to Manhattan frequently are surprised to turn into some quiet by-street and find themselves transported by merrymakers to Poland or Bavaria, Italy or China. Many weddings are held in the spirit and costume of mother countries; and New Yorkers seldom miss the stirring St. Patrick's Day parade on Fifth Avenue—the big day for the Irish.

Now the skyscraper home of the United Nations, New York will always cherish its less spectacular neighborhood nations that have helped to make it the world's greatest metropolis.

Celebrating Greek Independence Day, 15,000 New Yorkers of Greek birth or descent proudly march down Fifth Avenue.

A Ukrainian lass, waiting for her chorus to take its position for a gala parade, sings, "I love Peter but can't tell him so."

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St. Patrick's Day is a festive occasion in Manhattan. Kilts swinging to "O'Donnell Abu," pipers make a colorful sight.

Native costumes pass through generations. This Mexican girl's dress may once have been her great-grandmother's pride.

Resting after having danced a strenuous Tyrolian Schuhplattler before the reviewing stand is this young American.

In the part of Yugoslavia from which this matron comes, costumes such as the one she wears are part of everyday dress.

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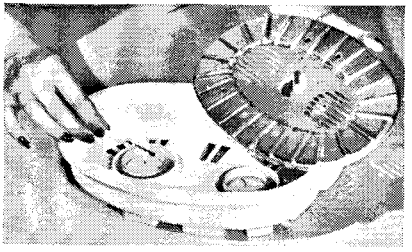
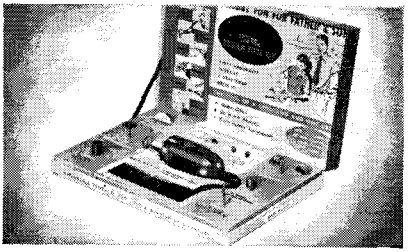
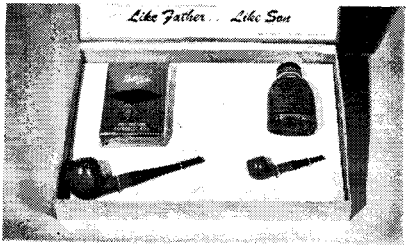
Coronet's Family Shopper



TWO SAFETY CANDLES keep food warm at the table and add charm to any meal. Imported from Switzerland, this hot plate makes an unusual gift. $3.98. Safe, Inc., 40 Exchange Place, NYC 5.

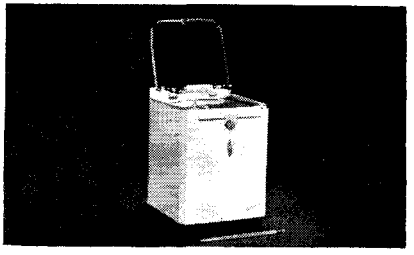


AN ELECTRIC power-tool kit, with accessories for polishing and grinding, is what every hobbyist and home repairer has wanted. "Casco-Craft." $9.95*. Macy's, New York 1, N. Y.



IMPORTED BRIAR PIPES, one for father, one for son, come supplied with a package of tobacco and bubble soap, respectively. "Marxman Father-Son Set." $3.50*. Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

"TINY TEARS" DOLL weeps big wet tears after she has been fed. Then she has to be diapered. Comes with bottles, wardrobe. $11.98* for 13" with hair, $7.98* plain. Foley's, Houston, Texas.



A MINIATURE DISHWASHER, complete with plastic dishes and silverware, makes "playing house" easy. "Jet-Tower Jr. Dishwasher." $12.95. Carson, Pirie, Scott and Co., Chicago 3, Ill.

FILM STRIPS of circles, whorls, and fans can be superimposed easily over your finished rolls for trick effects. "Movie Trix." 8 mm $1.25*, 16 mm $1.50*. Willoughby's, 110 W. 32nd, NYC 1.

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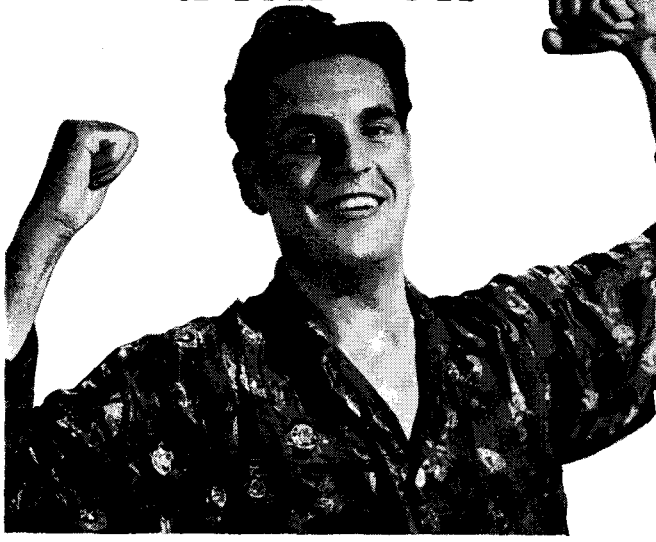
How to Wake Up Feeling Like a Million



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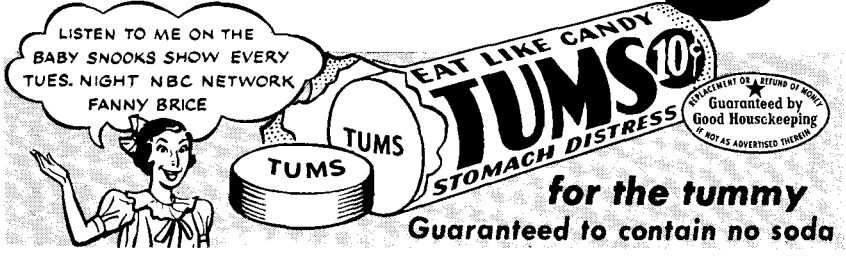
Quick relief for Acid Indigestion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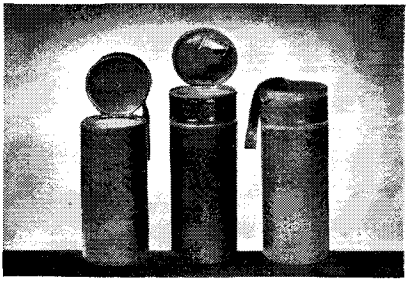
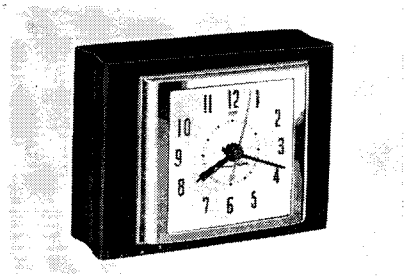
Coronet's Family Shopper

MAKE TELEVISION more enjoyable with easily installed earphones and volume control. The kids can listen and not disturb the family; Mom and Dad can hear their favorite shows without waking the youngsters. "Silavox." $19.95*. Jordan Marsh, Boston, Massachusetts.

FOR KNITTERS: a purse-and-knitting bag. The top of this double-zippered cylinder has a mirror, space for money, makeup. Lower part holds needles and wool. Blue, green, brown, red simulated snakeskin. $2.65. Beaumond Distributors, 133 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. 16.





AN ALARM CLOCK for the person who forgets to set it. Once set, this mahogany electric miracle will wake you daily at the same time, even if you forget. On week ends, set it manually. "GE Repeater Clock." $10.74* tax included. Stern Bros., N. Y. C. 18.

A LIFE-SIZED, inflatable, plastic sparring partner will rise if he's knocked down. For the energetic boy on your Christmas list. "Big Champ" 50", $4.98*. "Champ" 40", $3.48*. "Little Champ" 30", $1.98*. Walter Williams & Co., 2410 Lakeview Ave., Chicago.

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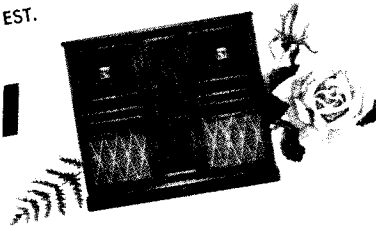

Admiral

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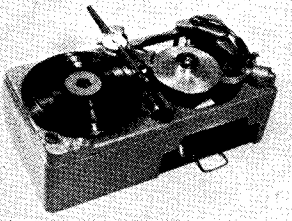

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Look for this Emblem. Your Satisfaction Guaranty!

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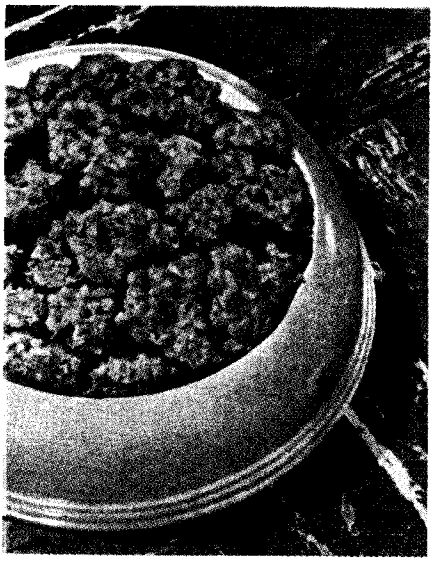
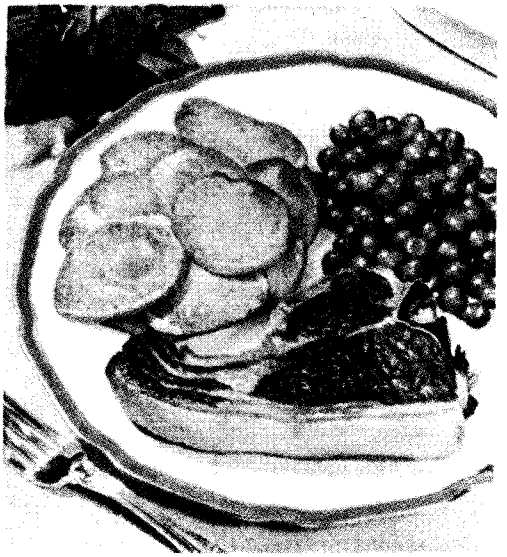
Feed your dog as well as you feed yourself





Swift's Pard gives your dog as much nourishment as you get in this hearty, nutritious lamb chop dinner!

Look how these dinners compare!

		LAMB CHOP DINNER	PARD (1 CAN)
Protein	(gms.)	26.4	52.8
Carbohydrate	(gms.)	42.5	45.7
Fat	(gms.)	54.2	14.7
Iron	(mgs.)	5.2	22.7
Calcium	(gms.)	0.05	2.0
Phosphorus	(gms.)	0.38	1.59
Vitamin A	(units)	499.0	550.0
Thiamine	(mgs.)	0.58	1.41
Riboflavin	(mgs.)	0.43	1.86
Niacin	(mgs.)	8.71	18.2

Energy: Lamb chop dinner: 25.4% of daily caloric needs for average man. Pard (1 can): 100% of daily caloric needs for 20-lb. dog

Your best friend's best food!

GENERATION-TESTED. In Swift's own research kennels, 11 consecutive generations of happy, healthy dogs have been raised exclusively on Pard and water.

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Vol. 29, No. 2 December, 1950

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

A Chinese Choir for Christmas

by JOHN MANSON

IN DECEMBER, 1944, for the second year in a row, I was spending my Christmas in China, flying B-25s for General Chennault's "Flying Tiger" Air Force. As my two roommates and I sat in the dim warmth of our tiny charcoal stove, we wondered just what we could do to make this Christmas in the backwoods of China seem like a real Christmas.

There were evergreens in the red mud mountains of Yangkaii—we might have a tree. But there would be no tinsel, no lights, no gifts . . . not even any precious boxes of food. It was pretty discouraging.

Back in Wisconsin, Mother and Dad would have a tree for my kid brother, Tommy. And they would be going to church for Christmas Eve services.

"Say, men," I said suddenly, "there's church services tonight down in the theater . . . kind of like back home. Why don't we go?"

"Kind of like home," Wilmore repeated grimly.

We were silent for a moment.

"I suppose we might as well go," Marcus said finally. "There's nothing else to do . . ."

As it does in December, darkness came early, but the smoothly contoured mountaintops around the air base still held a faint red glow of

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could have been older than 11, and some were obviously much younger. They were wearing quilted trousers and jackets, and their faces were scrubbed and shiny. Their black hair was combed straight and slick.

The mission woman arranged them in rows on the crude stage, the tall children in back and the shorter ones in front, just as I had seen so many children's choirs arranged before. Once settled, the children stood in front of us, wide-eyed and expectant.

The mission woman started them in their first song, *Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem*. She had a beautiful voice. It rose soft and clear above the voices of the choir as the children slowly picked up the melody. I closed my eyes and listened.

My mother sings like that, I thought, on Christmas Eve. The same rich yet soft contralto. I could see other Christmas Eves as I listened . . . a decorated church, with fir and holly . . . the smell of incense and the soft glow of lighted candles . . . Mother was there, standing and singing between Father and me, as she always did.

For those brief seconds I was home. And when I opened my eyes and came back to that crudely built church in Western China, I was less lonely. For the first time in the two and a half years I had been away, I felt near to those I loved.

THE CHILDREN SANG one song after another: *It Came Upon a Midnight Clear*, *We Three Kings of Orient Are*, *The First Noel*, and others I recognized but had forgotten. The English words were hard for their tongues to form. And it was touching and amusing to hear the childish voices mispronouncing the words of songs we loved so well.

Once, between songs, as the GI pianist arranged his music on the battered piano, a little boy, frightened perhaps by the silence of the room, started walking toward the edge of the stage. He was about to tumble over when the mission woman stopped him. She led him back to the group where he stood wide-eyed and silent, forgetting the carefully learned words of *Silent Night*.

We sang this last song with the children, and our deep baritone voices all but drowned them out. It was a relief to be singing. The tension, the gladness at seeing those wonderful little children, had been almost too much.

As we came to the end of the last stanza—"Sleep in heavenly peace" —the loud, incongruous sound of an air-raid siren cut sharply into the melody.

"My God! An air raid!" I gasped to Wilmore and Marcus. We stood up to leave, then hesitated. The children were still singing.

The lights went out, but no one moved. The children kept on singing as the siren howled its emphatic warning. The room was hushed except for the tiny voices.

One of the men turned on his flashlight and focused it on the children huddled together, still singing. One by one, flashlights all around the room were turned on, until they shone like a minute battery of spotlights. We began singing again, and the room shook with the melody, almost drowning out the siren and the roaring of jeeps speeding to the dispersal area.

When the song ended, the men in front rushed to the stage and gath-

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ered the children in their arms. In their excitement and fear, some of the children were crying, and many of the men, overwhelmed by the Christmas songs and their longing for home, were crying with them. I was close to tears myself.

For a moment I saw the mission woman, and then she was lost in the confusion. The men in front, sobbing children in their arms, went from the side exits, while Wilmore, Marcus, and I moved quietly out the rear door. Somehow, I felt strangely at peace.

As we walked to the dispersal area, the experience of the church service lingered poignantly in my thoughts. No matter what happened, I knew I would never forget Christmas Eve, 1944, in China. Far from everything I loved, I still had had a Christmas Eve that would live with me forever.

I was ashamed that, earlier, I had felt sorry for myself. I needed no Christmas tree, no gifts, not even precious food parcels. Christmas, I knew now, was a time for giving, not for receiving. And I had been given a stirring and memorable gift by 16 little Chinese children.

What could we do to make Christmas happy for them? How could we find for them a lasting and spiritual gift? And yet, even a very special gift could never repay these children for the Christmas Eve they had so unselfishly given us.

For, from the moment the boy had almost walked off the edge of the stage in the crude theater we had realized that the 16 little Chinese children were stone-blind.

About the House

Antique: an object that has made the round trip to the attic and back. —*Courier-Journal Magazine*

Dictionary: a book that describes one big word with another. —ROWENA ROSS

Extravagance: buying what is of no earthly value to your wife.

Family tree: a device for tracing yourself back to better people than you are. —*Banking*

Guest towel: a small body of slightly absorbent linen entirely surrounded by waterproof embroidery. —*Siftings*

Laundress: in the old days, the only one who knew what the ladies wore underneath. —EVAN ESAR

Perfect host: one who makes you feel at home while wishing you were. —S. ULLMAN

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What It's Like to Be a Widow

Predatory Males Are Not the Answer to Her Loneliness

by **Olive E. Clapper**

I shall never forget that moment, about three days after my husband's death in the Pacific during World War II, when my sister quietly said to me: "Have you realized that you are a widow?"

To be perfectly frank, I had not. The shock was too severe for me to make a quick orientation to my new status. Although I tried hard to think what it would be like to shoulder life alone, I could not imagine it.

Raymond Clapper and I had married young. The success that came to him in newspaper and radio work was reflected, of course, in our higher standard of living and in the costly plans for our children's education. After his death, I soon knew that, whatever I was feeling inside, I had to find work at once and try desperately to carry out our joint plans.

This fierce determination was aided magnificently by close friends and by opportunities that came to me because of my husband's prestige with the reading public. Suddenly I was signing contracts for books, broadcasting, lecturing, and writing jobs. Life, though sad, seemed full and promising. But I lacked the training for such a spectacular career, and my honeymoon-with-success ended after five years. Then, for the first time, I began to know what it is like to be a middle-aged "widow."

I was no longer a glamorous personality—and I needed a job. This time I was to learn how to find one without my husband's powerful voice behind me. Doors no longer opened readily, and I recalled a conversation with Ray a few months before his death.

"What would I do if anything happened to you?" I had asked. "How could I get a job? How could I put the children through college?"

Manlike, he spoofed my anxiety. "Why, you could get all kinds of work. With your social-service training, all you'd have to do would be to go to one of our influential friends in Washington and he'd fix you right up."

But after Ray's death, even first-name acquaintance with important

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personages did not prove an "Open Sesame" to a good position. I point this out only to say to husbands that it is foolhardy to assume your own influential ties will necessarily help your widow. By and large, her chances for professional readjustment will be measured by her own abilities and qualifications.

So it was that, five years after Ray's death, I became fully aware of the meaning of widowhood. I touched bottom. Was it possible that I could not protect the nest egg we had created for our children? Could I keep our home? Also I worried about age—not because psychologically I minded getting old, but because, job-wise, I knew it was a handicap.

That is why I would emphasize to a married man the wisdom of helping a wife maintain any special skill she may have had before marriage, even if she can practice it only on a part-time basis. Or if she has no particular skill, you can give her the best insurance in the world if you will encourage her to learn to do something of commercial value.

Please do not shake your head and say that widowhood cannot come. According to the U. S. Census, some seven million women are widows. Two million of them are in the age group 35 to 55. What are they doing today? How are they meeting the challenge of singleness? In short, what is it really like to be a middle-aged widow?

Many of us feel much like a physically handicapped person. A husband has died and that means the widow has lost half of herself. She soon learns she is a member of a minority group that receives little public recognition. Too often her situation makes her abnormally sensitive, and she finds it painful to experience any of the pleasures of life alone—to go to parties, to entertain, to drive, to garden—after having been accustomed for years to close companionship while doing such things.

For several years after my husband's death it was almost unendurable to see other couples affectionate and happy. Then my very perceptive sister pointed out the nonsense of my sensitivity by kindly inquiring if I wished the whole world to forego the joy I once had had. That quickly cured me, since all of us, even in grief, want a happy world around us.

Moreover, the sensitive widow does not desire pity. A widow I know recently voiced this vehemently when she said: "I'm sick and tired of people pitying me because I lost my husband! It is galling, because pity evokes condescension—an unbearable, undeserved stigma. Friends ought to help you build morale and tell you what a good job you are doing, instead of making you feel as though you belonged to the unwanted."

Perhaps the widow's readjustment is made even more difficult because—no matter how much she may deny it—she always hopes to remarry. But chances are against fulfillment of this hope, since widows in the U. S. outnumber widowers by more than three to one.

Nevertheless, it is natural that the widow should keep on hoping for remarriage, since she has spent most of her life perfecting herself as a wife. Children and friends are not enough. She needs someone to

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live with, to share experiences, to talk over affairs; someone who enjoys the same music and books, worries about the same problems. She yearns for the familiar toothbrush in the bathroom, the slippers under the bed, the strewn newspapers, the welcome greeting, "Isn't dinner ready *yet*?"

Also, there is the fact that the sex urge does not lie buried. The Kinsey report indicates that passion lasts much longer in the male than we used to think possible. Dr. Kinsey will, I venture to say, find the same is true of many females. What to do about this problem constantly confronts the self-respecting, conforming widow. Marriage is the only possible outlet.

Let me interpose here the statement that there is plenty of sex available. Offers of illegal liaisons with married men come frequently to every attractive widow. And to us, the amazing and amusing thing is that most men think they are doing the widow a favor.

Frankness is the only way to discourage one of these would-be wolves. Tell him at once that you presume his actions to be a prelude to a marriage proposal. If so, how soon will he seek a divorce from his wife? That defeats even the most persistent of them, for the last thing these men want is trouble with a wife, no matter how dowdy or neglectful that wife may be.

IN SEEKING REMARRIAGE, the widow has stiff competition, from divorcees and from younger women. It has never been clear to me why men seem to prefer the ex-wife, especially when she has failed in her own marriage. And to show the kind of competition offered by younger women, consider the story of one of the loveliest widows Washington has ever seen.

Her husband was a high-ranking government official. She was one of our top hostesses—gay, pretty, witty, and wise in the ways of the Capital. Her excellent family background, her taste, her poise, her diplomacy would be assets to any man. When her husband died, everyone predicted that she would be much sought after and undoubtedly marry some important man.

Although her husband died four years ago, she confesses that she has had very few dates and not a single proposal. Why? I don't know, unless it is that she is 50 (although she looks 35). She has had to stand aside and watch several eligible legislators and executives—all old friends—marry women much younger than themselves.

In our social system, it is considered quite fitting for a man to marry a woman many years his junior. He wants to prove his virility to himself and the world; he wants, once again before he dies, to hold youth in his arms and taste young joys.

Self-pride and passion blind him to the fact that a mature woman can be a much more exciting lover than the worried, inexperienced youngster. She is less susceptible to the blandishments of other men, less tyrannical and demanding. She wields no whiplash of youth over age, is far more considerate of her man's health and well-being, and more appreciative of his love.

In light of what I have said above, I think the sooner the average widow gives up the thought of

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remarriage, the better for herself and her family. Washing away this false hope releases all her potentialities for refitting and mending her life. When she has done this, she will begin to appreciate the many advantages of being a widow.

She will like being her own boss and directing her own life as she pleases, no longer under the duress of a husband's likes and dislikes. If she wants to stay awake and read all night, it hurts no one. She can make faces at her husband's former boss and his wife—if she likes. She can choose her own friends, spend her money as she pleases, select her clothes regardless of another's tastes, and come and go as the mood dictates. She can have opinions of her own, and learn that independence is a precious thing. She can find companionship that will chase away bitter, lonely times—if she will overcome her sensitiveness and seek friends.

The lonely of the world are not confined to widows. They include the young student, the cripple, the poor old man who totters out to get the paper every morning. They are the sick in heart as well as in body: the overworked mother, the little boy whose rich parents have no time for him, the harassed intellectual, the worried conservative, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. They are to be found in every stratum of our society and in every age group.

ANY WOMAN who understands that men like to eat and to talk need never forego the pleasure of masculine company. The extra woman, no matter in what category she belongs, can always be at ease and in flattering demand if she has learned to stimulate the interesting discussions that all men enjoy.

But perhaps you are asking if "outside people" are all a widow can hope for. What about intimate companionship in daily life?

This, too, is possible if the widow will include other women in her scheme of living. One of the happiest households I know is composed of three middle-aged spinsters. Each has her own private quarters in a large old house. Each can entertain whomever she wishes, whenever she wishes. No one interferes or asks questions. Each of these three is happy because each has found companionship and privacy in one congenial spot.

I have left to the last that sometimes-trying problem of the widow—her relationship to relatives and grown children. Relatives sometimes think they must inundate the poor, helpless little woman with advice. They may try to tell her how to invest her money, how to raise her children, how to conduct herself. But to my mind, a broker or banker is a better bet for financial advice, and a psychiatrist, teacher, or physician is a wiser child-guidance adviser.

Last but not least we come to the middle-aged widow's relationship to her adult children. This need not be the touchy or difficult problem that is created when the mother is inclined to hang on tenaciously to the family circle. Today's world is a very tough one for the young. They should be as free from worry about Mom as they would have been were Dad still around looking after her.

For her own sake, every mother

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ought to sever the umbilical cord. Then she will earn a wonderful reward. For when you free your children, you will find that, in some miraculous way, they return to you a thousandfold.

I know one widow who can testify to this miracle. When her son married, she handed him one key to her house and gave another to his young bride.

"Use them any time," she said. "I want you to know that I am here to help you day or night, either together or separately. You are both very precious to me, and because I mean to keep your friendship, I shall observe your privacy at all times. Therefore, I shall come to visit you in your home only on specific invitation."

This mother kept her word. The result? The miracle I spoke of. They seek her out, they respect and love her. She is their most sought-after friend.

The future need not be chilling or foreboding for the middle-aged widow. Her chances of marriage are not particularly good, but if she has courage and determination her life can be interesting and entertaining. It is all up to her.

As our numbers increase, we should strive to grow individually more useful to the world. Life is good at all ages, in all circumstances, if we make it so. We are not so different from others . . . and all God's children have troubles.

These Women!

A CERTAIN ATLANTA executive informed his wife that he would have to go to New York on business for a few days, but that he would hurry back to her at the earliest possible moment.

After a period of silent reflection, the little woman declared, "I think I'll go with you, dear."

"But, honey, I'm going to be terribly busy every moment I'm there," her husband protested. "You wouldn't enjoy the trip a bit."

"Oh, I'm not going for the enjoyment," the wife explained, "I'm going to buy some clothes."

"You're going all the way to New York for clothes?" hubby exclaimed. "Why, sugar, you can get all the clothes you want right here in Atlanta."

"Oh, thank you, dear," she cried. "That's just what I wanted you to say. I won't have to go to New York after all." —*Wall St. Journal*

"HARVEY," DECLARED the thoughtful little homemaker, "I listened to a broadcast this afternoon that made me sit right down and write to our bank authorizing them to buy a bond for us every month and take it out of our joint checking account."

"Fine, darling, fine," hesitated the income earner, "but supposing, dear, that there isn't enough left after we pay all our bills to buy a bond?"

"Well," cooed the wife, "let the bank worry about that."

—JAMES A. SANAKER

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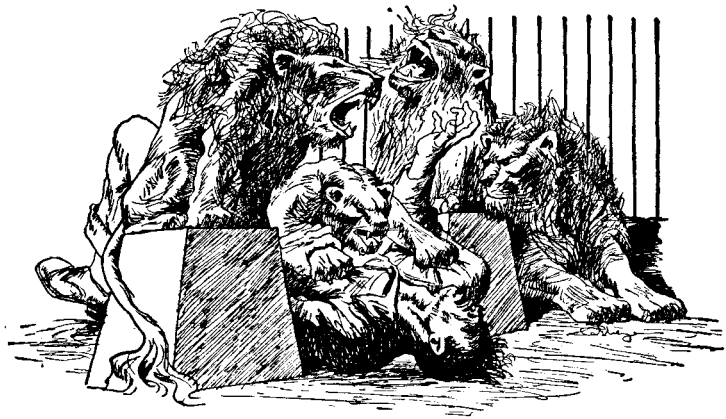

Third Day of the Moon

by EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

This heart-warming story of a strange friendship lends truth to an ancient legend

IT WAS THE THIRD DAY of the new moon, and in the menagerie of the great motion-picture studio in Hollywood there were two births—and two deaths. In adjacent cages, Sarah, the lion cub, and Lady, the collie pup, sprawled blind and helpless alongside their mothers' bodies. Julia, the lioness, and Lisette, the collie mother, lay silent with glazed eyes. The animal men carried them away, and two small orphans faced the world of men and make-believe from behind iron bars.

I had known both Lisette and Julia well, for I loved the menagerie, with its smell of hot, dry sand and its vague animal odors. It was enclosed with a high fence; inside, the great square was flanked with cages. In one tier the lions drowsed in tawny indifference or padded rhythmically. Across from them lived the Malemute dogs from Alaska, which worked in Northern pictures and drew sledges over fields of rock salt instead of snow. At one end of the square, monkeys chattered continually, while near them lived the Russian wolves, gaunt, fierce fellows.

In the center of the menagerie was the great arena cage, where palms and bamboo plants were nurtured to make a background for jungle pictures. Beside it was the smaller training cage, where the four-footed actors were trained for their parts or let in for exercise.

"Pudgy," one of the trainers, had known me as a child on the shores of Puget Sound, so now he let me take many liberties with his "boarders," as he called them, and would

From *Big Cats*, edited by Frances Brentano. Copyright, 1949, by Frances Brentano and published by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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sometimes let me go with him into the cages.

Pudgy would have reared the two orphan children separately, but the studio officials decreed otherwise. It would be a novelty, they said, for a dog and a lion to be brought up together. So Pudgy took the two babies—the shapeless little collie pup and the sprawling yellow cub—and put them in the same box, covering them with flannel, and fed them from a bottle filled with warm milk. He let me hold the bottle from which Sarah drank, while he caressed the tiny brown ball.

"Poor little Lady," he was saying softly, "you may make a meal some day for that fat daughter of Julia's. Still, if you have a smile like the one your mother had, maybe you'll win her heart and she'll spare your life."

"Oh, Pudgy," I said, "I'm sure they'll be friends. It's the third day of the moon, you know."

Pudgy nodded. Few people would have understood, but he did. He knew that the Indians of the Puget Sound country where we had lived have a legend which says that any creatures, if brought together under the same roof on the third day of the new moon, will be faithful friends. You may smile at the legend, but it is true that Lady and Sarah grew up to be fast friends.

SARAH DID NOT INHERIT Julia's fierce disposition, as Pudgy had feared. She was frolicsome and affectionate, so full of life that she often tired Lady out, but she was as gentle in her play as if she sensed her superior strength and curbed it so that Lady might not be hurt.

Sarah had round, gray eyes that would be amber when she grew up. Her ears were too large, and she had tiny, white teeth. Sometimes she pretended to be angry, and then she would snarl in a high-pitched gurgle.

It was only then, when her ears were laid back and her eyes filled with bright points of light, that we remembered she was, after all, a lion in embryo, and we wondered what her feelings would be toward Lady when she found they were not of the same breed.

But Lady and Sarah, it seemed, never discovered the difference. They romped together, ate together, slept together curled up in the sun, and Sarah grew from cubhood and became heavy and unwieldy, living up to the promise of her large feet and ears. But Lady was small and dainty, like her mother, and she had Lisette's own trick of wrinkling her upper lip when she was pleased.

One day Lady sickened, and Pudgy decided that she must be taken from the cage until she was strong enough to compete with Sarah's playtime moods. On the same day a new animal man came on the lot.

He was a thin, surly looking man who had traveled with a circus and taken care of wild animals. But he had no sympathy for them as Pudgy had. He used the double-pronged iron rod to shove them about, and snarled at them in very much the same tone that they snarled at him.

Pudgy was not yet in charge of the menagerie, so he was powerless to curb the new man's rough ways, but he used to shake his head when he saw him driving the lionesses into

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the great central cage for exercise.

"You can treat a gentleman lion that way," Pudgy told me once, "but with the ladies you must be more careful."

He looked contemplatively at the lion cub, half-grown now. "Something tells me," he said, "that Sarah could take care of herself."

When Lady was taken from the wired enclosure, it was a sad day, and many sad days followed. Lady's health did not improve; she spent her time going round and round the cage which enclosed her playfellow, trying frantically to dig underneath. And Sarah was just as distraught as her friend. Pudgy could hardly make her eat.

She would follow Lady in her circuit of the cage, her ears cocked hopefully, the worried line deepened between her eyes. And when the collie gave up in despair, Sarah, too, would stretch out by the wire that separated them, so close against it that her tawny fur pressed through the meshes.

The two animals were most unhappy, and Pudgy and I were sorry for them. But their dejection only annoyed the new animal man. He had no love for either the lion baby or the little collie.

One day he made a mistake. We heard his voice, loud with a sharp threat, and immediately after, a high-pitched yelp of pain. With the cry came a snarl that bellowed into a roar of fury, and there was an ominous rattling of wires as a heavy body hurled itself against them in a frenzy of hate and wrath.

Pudgy and I ran toward the sounds, and as we came around the corner of the open-air arena where the jungle pictures were made, we saw Lady limping away from the enclosure, tail between her legs and one foot held from the ground. Sarah was racing around the cage, springing against the stout meshes, the powerful impact shaking the whole enclosure.

Her eyes were no longer baby eyes; they were the amber eyes of the jungle lioness who feels a blood lust. Her tawny fur stood up in bristles, and she roared, the full-throated cry of the lioness that knows her power.

The new man was watching her scornfully, yet a little fearfully. The other lions in the cages across the lot began to roar in sympathy.

"What did you do to Lady?" Pudgy demanded.

"The cursed dog is digging up all the ground around this cage," the new man answered sullenly. "She wouldn't get away, so I pushed her with my foot. The fool lion cub went crazy."

"You kicked Lady," Pudgy said in a dangerously quiet tone. "If you do it again, you'll be looking for another job." He paused, and regarded Sarah with understanding eyes. "And I'd not go in that cage if I were you," he added.

The new man snorted scornfully. "Say, you can't tell me anything about handling cats—why, she's nothing but a cub!"

Pudgy regarded him fixedly. "I'm thinking you'll find she's a lion baby that has grown up," he said.

THERE WAS A FILM COMPANY going out on two weeks' location, and they wanted a dog with a trick of smiling. Pudgy recommended Lady. He would take no chances with the new man's ill humor, and he

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thought that, away from the studio menagerie, she would become reconciled to the loss of Sarah's companionship.

So she was sent away, and the company made much of her. But Sarah sulked in her cage. And not even Pudgy's friendly overtures could rouse her from her loneliness. She was still as docile as ever, and the men never took prodding irons when they went in to feed her, but her eyes were amber now, and sometimes she snarled, baring white fangs.

The new man, following Pudgy's warning perhaps, kept away from her cage. But always, when scenting his presence, Sarah would pad softly to the meshes and stare at him unblinkingly.

One day it was decided that Sarah's training for pictures should begin. But first, it was necessary that she become accustomed to her unknown kind. So six of the oldest and most trustworthy lions were driven into the central cage.

Pudgy stood in the center, armed only with a light whip, and spoke gently to all of them, guiding them to their pedestals. Then he closed the iron door behind him and entered the wire enclosure where Sarah drowsed in the sunshine. Quietly he slipped a leather collar around her neck. To this he affixed a chain and led her unprotesting into the central cage. Then he unsnapped the chain and threw it outside the bars.

A group of studio men watched curiously. It was always an entertaining spectacle when a new lion joined the others for the first time. Often there were fights. But Pudgy was there to prevent them.

Sarah stopped in wonderment as the iron door swung shut behind her, and she sniffed curiously at the older lions on their pedestals. They stared back, sniffing too, and one of the females snarled.

"Keep your place, Bertha!" Pudgy said warningly.

Sarah pressed close to Pudgy's side as a child might do in a crowd of strangers. Pudgy kept his hand on her head, and finally, when he sat on a campstool, she lay down beside him, raising her head in little, nervous jerks.

"No excitement there," one of the men outside the enclosure said regretfully. "They'll be used to her in a couple of sittings."

"Yes," said Pudgy, "if someone will take my place, I'll go to lunch."

The menagerie superintendent entered the cage while Pudgy strode off to the cafeteria. But the superintendent, too, got hungry, so he called the new animal man to take his place.

The barred door clicked, locking inside the circular cage the new animal man. The older lions scarcely stirred, but Sarah moved, rising to her feet with a single lithe movement. So silent was it that the new animal man did not know. Those looking on from outside saw the lion baby crouch, heard a snarl that ended with a hissing spring.

They saw a powerful body hurl forward in an arc of tawny fury, saw the stupid look of surprise on the animal man's face as he half-turned and was hurled to the floor by the crushing charge. Then someone shouted.

There was a bedlam of hysterical voices, hands tugged vainly at the iron-barred door; men ran around aimlessly, hunting for prodding

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rods. Inside the cage the lions went mad. They leaped against the bars, careened against each other in a delirium of fear, snarled and struck as they passed, dashed past the terrified man who lay screaming, fending off with clenched fists the tearing teeth of the lion baby that had found revenge.

I saw as in a dream Pudgy's white face, saw him make for the iron door. He carried a gun and a prodding rod. But it would have been death to enter there.

Suddenly the screams of the animal man ceased. But it was not because death had taken him. For Sarah had lifted her head and gazed fixedly for an instant. Then, with a single bound, she left the torn and battered body of the man she hated and was pressed against the bars of the cage.

For there, outside the cage, sniffing, wondering, and with daintily wagging tail, was Lady, plump and sleek, her brown eyes mirroring astonishment at all the commotion. Then her upper lip lifted in a delighted smile and she yelped feverishly as she caught sight of Sarah.

The two smelled noses through the bars, Lady jumping about in a frenzy of delight and her plumy tail waving madly. Sarah was whining softly with a baby note we thought she had forgotten. So Pudgy opened the door of the runway, and the lions entered it gladly, padding swiftly back to the quiet of their individual cages. Willing hands lifted the animal man from the floor and carried him away, bruised and bleeding, to the hospital.

Sarah did not even know he was gone. She was telling Lady, as well as she could, of her loneliness during the past weeks, of her joy at the return of her friend.

Pudgy stood looking down at her, and there was something of respectful wonder in his gaze. I wondered if he was thinking of the third day of the moon. I was.

Everybody's Santa

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS in the heart of every man. He is the embodiment of all the unfulfilled desires, of all the yearnings for good, of lofty resolutions, of pity for the suffering, of wishes to help the helpless, of every high resolve to make others happy.

With our child-love of the dramatic, we visualize Santa Claus as a huge fellow capable of accomplishing the most tremendous tasks, with a perpetual smile on his face showing the cheerful heart, with a twinkle in his eye denoting his unfailing good humor, with a great pack on his back full of all the good we wish for others.

Santa Claus is the personification of all the good in the heart of every man. Let us be thankful that in this nation good finds expression on Christmas Day regardless of sect or creed.

—An exchange item in *Woodmen of the World Magazine*

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MESSAGE FROM JULIA

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

AMONG THE NEGROES of my South Carolina plantation there is a very strong and beautiful communal spirit: the concern of one is the concern of all.

Julia, whose simplicity of manner and quiet happy ways had always made me believe that she was a person of spiritual significance, was nursing an old woman who was hopelessly ill. The patient was a neighbor; and of course Julia's ministrations were strictly a labor of love. After a time I thought the strain must be telling on her, and it worried me.

"Julia," I said, "aren't you getting pretty tired?"

"I was a little tired for a while," she admitted with disarming candor, "but then I took her into my heart, and now I never get tired any more."

"I took her into my heart."

It has been many years since I first heard those golden words. And ever since then I have wondered if an application of them to life's problems by each one of us would not go farther in solving those problems than anything else. Lover and sweetheart, husband and wife, teacher and student, employer and employee—is not this the way out of your difficulties?

Perhaps gentle Julia, having a mystic insight into the heart of things, an insight deeper even than what we call truth, here lifts a universal light. And its luminance was given me casually, and by one very humble of spirit.

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DEATH in the Crystal Ball

by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

There was grim irony in the fulfillment of a seeress' frightening prediction

IN THE SUMMER of 1939, I went with my family to Hastings, near London, for a vacation. On a warm summer's day, my daughter Patricia and I walked through the noisy amusement park which draws shrieking youngsters from all over the south of England.

We had already passed the tent of "Carlotta, the Crystal-Ball Gazer," when Patricia insisted we go back and have our fortunes told.

The setting was similar to a typical motion-picture version of a fortuneteller's carnival booth. In the center of the shabby tent was a table bearing a large crystal ball. Carlotta, a pretty gypsy, read Patricia's fortune first. It was a routine, optimistic one.

Then she looked into the glass ball and read my fortune. All was serene in my future. I had nothing to worry about.

I paid her and we were just leaving when she called. "Sir, ever since I have told futures I have never told anyone bad news. Always I have kept that to myself. But there is something so terrible in your future that I must tell you. Maybe . . . somehow . . . you can avoid it. I pray you can.

"I see a clock and the time is exactly 6:07. The day is today. And after that time I see nothing. Just darkness. I hear the shrieks of a terrible accident. I do hope you'll be careful . . . that you'll try to avoid this awful thing that's in the crystal ball."

I was moved—not so much by what she had said as by how she had said it. Pat started to cry. With false optimism, I cheered her and we went on our way through the crowds of fun seekers. But the day was spoiled for me.

We arrived at our summer home about 5:30. By this time Pat had forgotten Carlotta and her prediction, and I left her with her mother while I retired to my study.

I was nervous, though I told

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myself all this was foolish. The clock on my desk said 6 o'clock. Nervously, I played with my letter opener on the desk while the hands of the clock went to 6:05, then 6:06, and perspiration wet my palms.

Finally, it was 6:07. Nothing happened. But this was just pre-climax. I looked at my pocket watch to check, and the clock on my desk was five minutes fast. Again I sat in mounting uneasiness, watching the hands on my watch. 6:05. Again 6:06, and I sat waiting for something to happen.

Then I watched spellbound while the second hand went around and it was 6:07. Another 30 seconds. Nothing happened. 6:08 passed. I breathed again. The supposed danger was over!

I went down to dinner and told my wife of my experience. She joshed me. We all laughed.

Next morning at breakfast, Patricia put the London *Daily Mail* by my plate. At first glance I saw the story. "Gypsy Fortuneteller Killed in Freak Accident" was the headline. It went on:

"Last night on the scenic railway at Hastings, Carlotta, a crystal-ball gazer, was killed in a freak accident. She was riding in the back seat of a scenic-railway car going down a huge dip at 60-mile-an-hour speed. Ahead of her a loosened electric wire sagged, and the speed and wind held her rigid in her seat. She saw the wire but couldn't slump down—the suction was too great. The wire hit her under her chin and decapitated her. Hundreds of witnesses shrieked in horror—many fainted . . . "

With trembling hand I reached for the phone. There was one little detail I had to know—and yet I was afraid of what the answer might be. When the newspaper editor told me, it was the most frightening moment of my life.

Carlotta had died at exactly 6:07 o'clock!

The Ad Said It

A FRIEND ONCE SAW Mark Twain reading a patent-medicine advertisement, and asked, "You don't actually have any confidence in that stuff, do you?"

"That question," replied the humorist, "reminds me of an old codger back home in Hannibal, Missouri, who used to sit in front of the village hotel perusing his newspaper. One day he came upon a small advertisement which read, 'Cut this out. It may save your life.' Obeying an impulse, he cut out the ad.

"Resuming his reading, he happened to look through the hole he had made and discovered a man stealing up on him with a knife. Flinging the paper down, he grabbed his chair and felled the attacker.

"Now, you see," concluded Mark, "here was a patent-medicine advertisement that really did save a man's life." —ANDREW MEREDITH

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The Underground Tactics of the COMMUNISTS

by JOHN EDGAR HOOVER (*Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation*)

Our Federal operatives know every detail of the Reds' blueprint for treason

"JOE, YOUR COUSIN is sick, awful sick." The beady eyes of the little man slithered to one side. "The doctor said the crisis might come soon, within 24 hours. You better go see him."

The little man turned abruptly and disappeared into the crowd. Joe, his companion, continued walking down the sidewalk. Then he, too, his topcoat whipping in the November wind, was lost among the afternoon shoppers.

The courier's message had been delivered; the alert had been sounded. Communist functionaries, with frantic haste, were going underground. "Sick" messages of "aunts," "uncles," and "cousins" rolled across the nation. What did these mean? The party family was in danger; the top leaders must go into hiding immediately.

No time was to be lost. Arrests, they feared, were imminent. Vital records must be concealed or destroyed. The Communist party, U.S.A., in November, 1947, was scared and jittery. And, in face of this "crisis," what did the members do? With typical stealth and intrigue, they executed a Marxist-Leninist jackknife, and dived straight underground!

The "crisis" was pure imagination—it didn't exist. False rumors, swelling to hurricane proportions, had unnerved party leaders. Their actions were precipitate. Within a few days the sheepish Comrades began to reappear at party headquarters; canceled meetings were re-scheduled; hidden records were dug out. But the scare had been disruptive. Records once hidden could not be found; others that had been destroyed were irreplaceable. Time after time, the Comrades had been too eager in fleeing and in breaking communications.

This alarm spotlighted the underhanded, secret character of communism. At this writing, the party is rapidly going underground. The 1947 scare, though it was bungled by the high command, taught the party many things. Weak spots were revealed, errors of judgment identified. Soon after November, 1947, the Communists began to seep deeper and deeper underground. This time the design was well-planned, long-range. The party exists, but in name only.

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That the Reds are going deeper underground is understandable. Laws to restrict communist activities, the mounting international tension, and severe electoral defeats of communist-sponsored political candidates have contributed to their stealth. But the growing awareness of the American people to the dangers of communism is a most important reason.

Ideological "dupes and suckers" are becoming more and more difficult to find. Americans have become deeply conscious that communism is a vicious evil. The crowning blow was the conviction, in New York City, of the 11 top communists—*a trial which saw, to the utter confusion of the Comrades, seven F.B.I. informants, who have lived inside the party, testify for the Government!*

Party leaders were dumfounded. Just whom could the party trust? This shock is still rattling the ribs of the Trojan horse.

THE PARTY, in shifting its apparatus underground, is drawing upon long experience in deception and deceit. The basic unit of the party, the club, is getting smaller and smaller. Some years ago, clubs often contained up to 100 members. Now they have been divided and subdivided into small groups of three to five each. These are coordinated by group captains, who alone know the identities of group members. In this way, individual members, unless by mere chance or from previous knowledge, cannot possess this information.

Membership cards have not been issued for nearly two years. All records bearing individual names were ordered destroyed. Other records were removed to hiding places —or so the Reds think! One unit, for example, conceived the idea of burying its literature. The Comrades went to work—obtaining three five-gallon cans, lining them with care, packing literature inside. The containers were buried near a country road, under boulders. A safe resting place—for a while!

In another instance, a party official in the East instructed a subordinate to destroy records. The order was "carried out." But if by chance the party should change its mind and like to have the records back—well, to return them would be contrary to F.B.I. policy!

A courier system, to protect confidential communications, has been instituted. Elaborate precautions are taken to conceal communist meetings, party officials often deciding who is to attend, admittance being by invitation only. These meetings masquerade behind the label of "social," "civic," or "business" groups. Sometimes they are called "bridge parties" and card tables are set up—just in case.

Transfers of party members from one district to another are most elaborately protected. A letter often is directed to another district, perhaps to a secret "mail drop," saying that Mr. X will arrive on such a date, and have in his possession a dollar bill containing a certain serial number. When the new member arrives, he will be accepted into membership—if he can produce the bill with the correct number!

All security measures are given validity through a "loyalty" program instituted by the Party, in their words, to weed out F.B.I. spies, stool pigeons, Trotskyites, and

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other factional elements. Party officials, stunned by the amazing success of F.B.I. informants, and presuming—quite rightly—that many others are still operating in their ranks, turned with frenzy to investigating their own membership. Thus the very people who had denounced the loyalty program of the U.S. Government as "thought control" now have their own loyalty program!

Every member is instructed to "tattle" on his fellow member: Is he a "stool pigeon"? Has he said something anti-party? Is he harboring "peculiar" thoughts? Party "exterminators" rush to and fro, handing out penalties, expelling members, often with little or no investigation of the charges.

Recently, a member of the New York State Review Commission was expelled from the party as a traitor. *The Daily Worker*, under headlines, told how he had helped prevent the expulsion of a "spy" who had worked for the F.B.I., and how he had recommended a number of untrustworthy individuals for communist work. Now, in all fairness to the party functionary, I must say that the party got the wrong man.

We knew of him as a party organizer in West Virginia and later followed his activities in New York. But never has be been on the F.B.I. pay roll or rendered us any assistance. Justice has a peculiar ring when spoken in communist double-talk!

This expelled Comrade's story, moreover, had an ironic twist. The Review Commission is the party's highest "loyalty board" in the state, scrutinizing all members. Here, with brutal injustice, one of their own members was expelled—a case of the hunter becoming the hunted!

And wouldn't the Communist party like to unearth F.B.I. informants! To do so, I am quite sure, is one of their greatest ambitions, for they are ceaselessly working to concoct plans which will catch a "spy." Not long ago, one party unit formulated a complicated system of tracing tickets—if an F.B.I. Agent (that is, an individual who they thought was an Agent) attended a public communist function, find out who sold him the ticket! That person, assuredly, must be a spy.

Of course, it just doesn't work that way, though the Comrades would like to believe it does. But as we all know, the best defense against a trap is knowledge—beforehand.

The "loyalty" program, however, plays a vital role in the party's underground apparatus. Every member going underground—for special assignment as a "sleeper" agent—must be "spotless." The party's hopes of a future revolution rest upon having available, at the necessary moment, fanatically loyal members, ready, without hesitation, to follow the party's dictates. Even a special "loyalty board" has been set up to investigate the National Committee—the top elite of American communism.

Admittedly, the "loyalty" program will make more difficult the obtaining of knowledge about party activities. But the F.B.I. has also gone underground. The deeper the party goes, the greater becomes our responsibility to know at all times what these agents of Soviet imperialism are doing and plan to do.

The party's current security

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measures are *general*, designed to affect its *present* functions. Of still greater importance, however, are the *specific* acts, now being carried out by the select inner circle, designed to prepare for *future* contingencies.

Basic, in this connection, are the training and assignment of substitute leaders—men who, in the event that present leaders are arrested, leave the country, or receive different assignments, can rise fully prepared from the underground and assume active direction of party activities.

An important leader not long ago was instructed, within 30 days, to bury himself in trade-union work, to repudiate the party, and to take charge of underground activities. A substitute leader also was named, to take over in event the original nominee became incapacitated. In another instance, a ranking communist official employed in a highly strategic industry was instructed to go underground. These men are of great potential danger to the internal security of America.

In recent months, many individuals have broken away from Red activities. The prosecution of communists by the Department of Justice, and investigations by Congressional, state, and municipal bodies, have spurred the exodus. These individuals no longer attend meetings, take part in pressure campaigns, or contribute money. On the surface, at least, they now claim to be good, loyal Americans.

But deeds and actions must testify to their change of heart. Communism is stealthy; the breaking away of members to live *outwardly* as good citizens is an all-too-familiar method of establishing a communist underground. The individual who has renounced communism proves his sincerity by showing inwardly as well as outwardly how far he has broken with the party.

Today, the party's security measures have reached a new high. Some top officials have just disappeared. No questions are asked; no reasons given. The membership just accepts these occurrences as matters of party policy.

A former Legislative Director, National Communist party, U.S.A., a resident of Baltimore, disappeared early in 1949. Formerly a university instructor and a Ph.D. who has studied abroad, he exercised great influence within the party. A man of that stature just doesn't disappear for the fun of it!

Shortly thereafter his wife, an official of District No. 4, Communist party (Maryland and District of Columbia), also disappeared. She reappeared in Baltimore early in 1950, and then she again dropped out of sight.

In another instance, a high official on special assignment vanished—to another city where he changed his name. He moves frequently, giving the F.B.I. a little exercise to keep up.

Proof of the party's intensive preparations for underground action exists in many other quarters. For example, the Reds have cached vast supplies of stationery, paper, ink, and stencils, to be utilized clandestinely for propaganda purposes if the party must operate completely underground and normal supplies are curtailed. In one

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city, officials spent considerable time in selecting a large machine, capable of quickly turning out folders, envelopes, leaflets, even small newspapers. The machine, though large and bulky, was hidden in the home of a member. If the communists lose the machine's serial number, they should call the nearest F.B.I. field office.

Blueprint of treason—that is the communist underground apparatus. Recently, at a meeting, a party functionary announced policy regarding the U.S. armed forces: (1) discourage the entry of noncommunist youths; (2) party members, if called, should enter willingly for the purpose of creating confusion and dissension; (3) members not in service should attempt to obtain jobs in defense plants to promote strikes, dissension, and, if necessary, sabotage.

Communism today continues to be a vital danger to America. The party is deep underground, and going deeper every day. To it, morality, justice, and truth are meaningless concepts, to be sacrificed without the least hesitance on the altar of expediency.

The American people must meet this bitter 20th-century challenge—which was once termed "20th-century democracy" by the "innocents." Communism can be defeated if every individual understands the hypocritical character of Marxism-Leninism, and realizes that the voices of the communist leaders are echoes of a vast conspiracy dedicated to creating revolution and chaos around the world.

The Husband's View

One of our pals, after a tiff with his wife, remarked that if women ever get equal rights it will be quite a comedown for them.
—REINBECK *Courier*

There are three things a woman can make out of nothing—a hat, a salad, and a quarrel. —CALGARY *Herald*

Legally, the husband is the head of the house and the pedestrian has the right of way. Both husband and pedestrian are fairly safe unless they try to exercise their rights. —*Grit*

If only a woman's mind were as easily made up as her face.
—ASHER BURG

It's a woman's trick to make a great show of forgiving a man, and then never letting him hear the end of it. —JEAN WEBSTER

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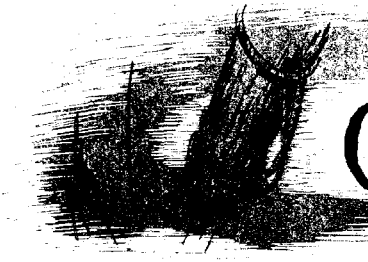
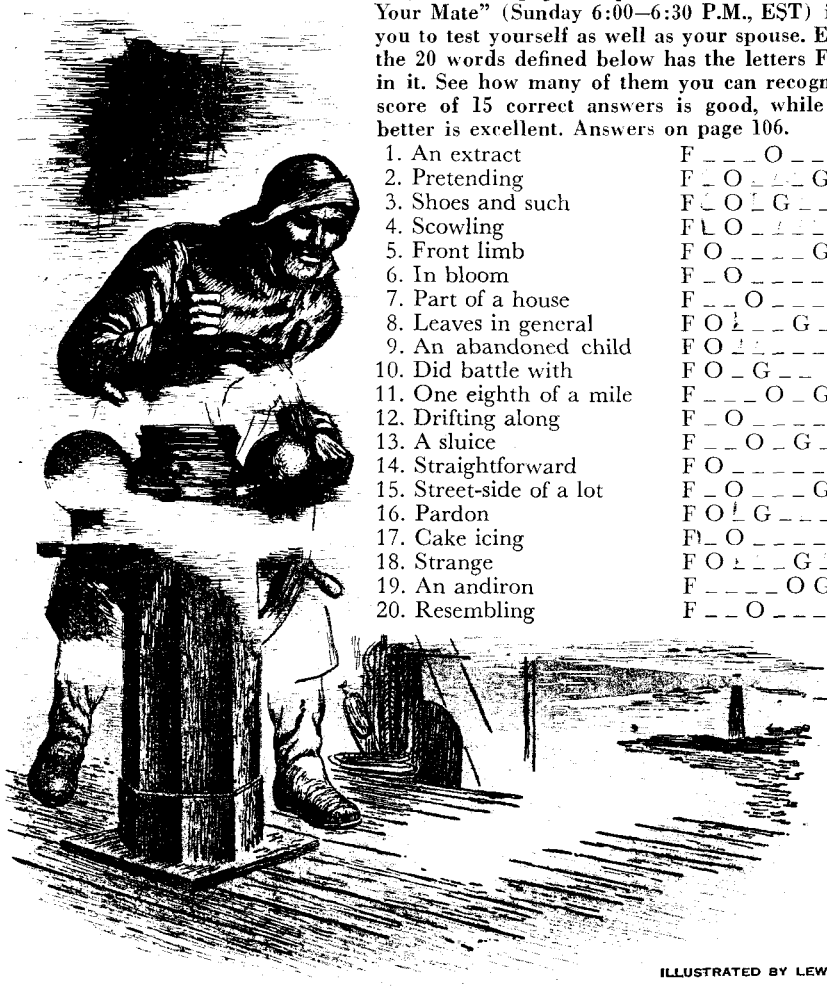


Out of the Fog

Joey Adams, popular quizmaster of CBS's "Rate Your Mate" (Sunday 6:00–6:30 P.M., EST) invites you to test yourself as well as your spouse. Each of the 20 words defined below has the letters F, O, G in it. See how many of them you can recognize. A score of 15 correct answers is good, while 18 or better is excellent. Answers on page 106.

1. An extract	F _ _ _ O _ _ _ G
2. Pretending	F _ O _ _ _ G
3. Shoes and such	F _ O _ G _ _ _
4. Scowling	F _ O _ _ _ _ G
5. Front limb	F O _ _ _ _ G
6. In bloom	F _ O _ _ _ _ _ G
7. Part of a house	F _ _ O _ _ _ G
8. Leaves in general	F O _ _ _ G _
9. An abandoned child	F O _ _ _ _ _ _ G
10. Did battle with	F O _ G _ _
11. One eighth of a mile	F _ _ _ O _ G
12. Drifting along	F _ O _ _ _ _ G
13. A sluice	F _ _ O _ G _ _ _
14. Straightforward	F O _ _ _ _ _ G _ _
15. Street-side of a lot	F _ O _ _ _ G _
16. Pardon	F O _ G _ _ _
17. Cake icing	F _ O _ _ _ _ G
18. Strange	F O _ _ _ G _
19. An andiron	F _ _ _ _ O G
20. Resembling	F _ _ O _ _ _ G



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Special Feature

When the Chimes Rang

by RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

The ageless symbolism of Christmas is magically captured in this classic story of the Old World.

THERE WAS ONCE, in a faraway country where few people have ever traveled, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city; and every Sunday, as well as on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to its great archways, looking like lines of ants all moving in the same direction.

When you came to the building itself, you found stone columns and dark passages, and a grand entrance leading to the main room of the church. This room was so long that one standing at

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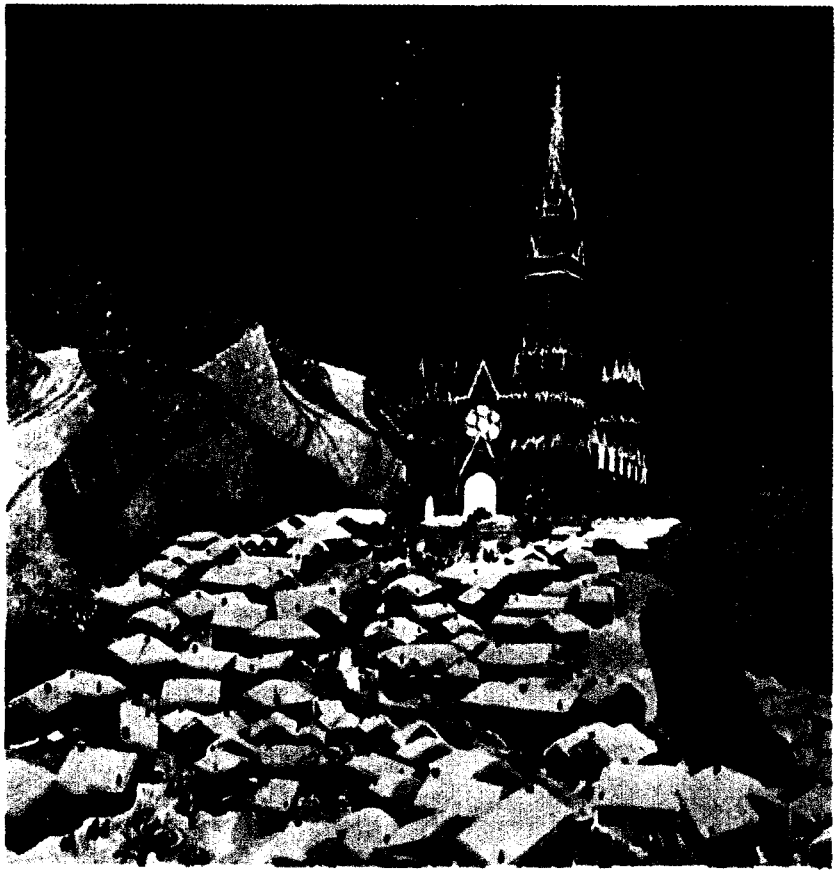

the doorway could scarcely see to the other end, where the choir stood by the marble altar. In the farthest corner was the organ; and this organ was so loud that sometimes when it played the people for miles around would close their shutters and prepare for a great thunderstorm. Altogether, no such church as this was ever seen before, especially when it was all lighted up for a special festival and crowded with people, young and old.

But the strangest thing about the whole building was the wonderful chime of bells. At one corner of the church was a great gray tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one could see. I say as far as one could see, because the tower was quite great enough to fit the great church, and it rose so far into the sky that it was only in very fair weather that anyone claimed to be able to see the top.

Even then, one could not be sure it was in sight. Up and up climbed the stones and ivy; and, as the men who built the church had been dead hundreds of years, everyone had forgotten how high the tower was supposed to be.

Now all the people knew that at the

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top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church had been built, and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place; others said it was because of the great height, which reached up where the air was clearest and purest: however that might be, no one who had ever heard the chimes could deny that they were the sweetest in the world. Some described them as sounding like angels far up in the sky; others, as sounding like strange winds singing through the trees.

But the fact was that no one had heard them for years and years. There was an old man living not far from the church who said that his mother had spoken of hearing them when she was a little girl, and he was the only one who was sure of as much as that. They were Christmas chimes, you see, and were not meant to be played by men or on common days.

It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all the people to bring to the church their offerings to the Christ child; and when the greatest and best offering was

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laid on the altar, there used to come sounding through the music of the choir the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. Some said that the wind rang them, and others that they were so high that the angels could set them swinging. But for many long years they had never been heard.

It was said that people had been growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ child, and that no offering brought was great enough to deserve the music of the chimes.

Every Christmas Eve, the rich people still crowded to the altar, each one trying to bring some better gift than any other, without giving anything that he wanted himself, and the church was crowded with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells might be heard again. But although the service was splendid, and the offerings were indeed plentiful, only the roar of the winter wind could be heard, far up in the stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city in a little country village where nothing could be seen of the great church but glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and

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his little brother. They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, but they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas Eve, and had a secret plan, which they had often talked over when by themselves, to go to see the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear; and I have even heard it said that the Christ child sometimes comes down to bless the service. What if we could see Him?"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonely snowflakes flying in the air and a hard white crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near their path, and stepped aside to look at it.

It was a poor woman, who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired

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to get in where she might have found shelter. The soft snow made a sort of pillow for her, and she would soon be so sound asleep, in the wintry air, that no one could ever waken her again.

All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little, as though he would have tried to carry her away. He turned her face toward him, so he could rub snow on it, and when he had looked at her silently a moment, he stood up again and said: "It's no use, Little Brother. You will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother. "And you not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro, and he could not keep back a choking sound in his throat. "See this poor woman. Her face looks like the Madonna in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death. Everyone has gone to the church now, but when you come back you can bring someone to help her. I will rub her to keep her from freezing, and perhaps get her to eat the bun in my pocket."

"But I cannot bear to leave you and go on alone," said Little Brother.

"Both of us need not miss the

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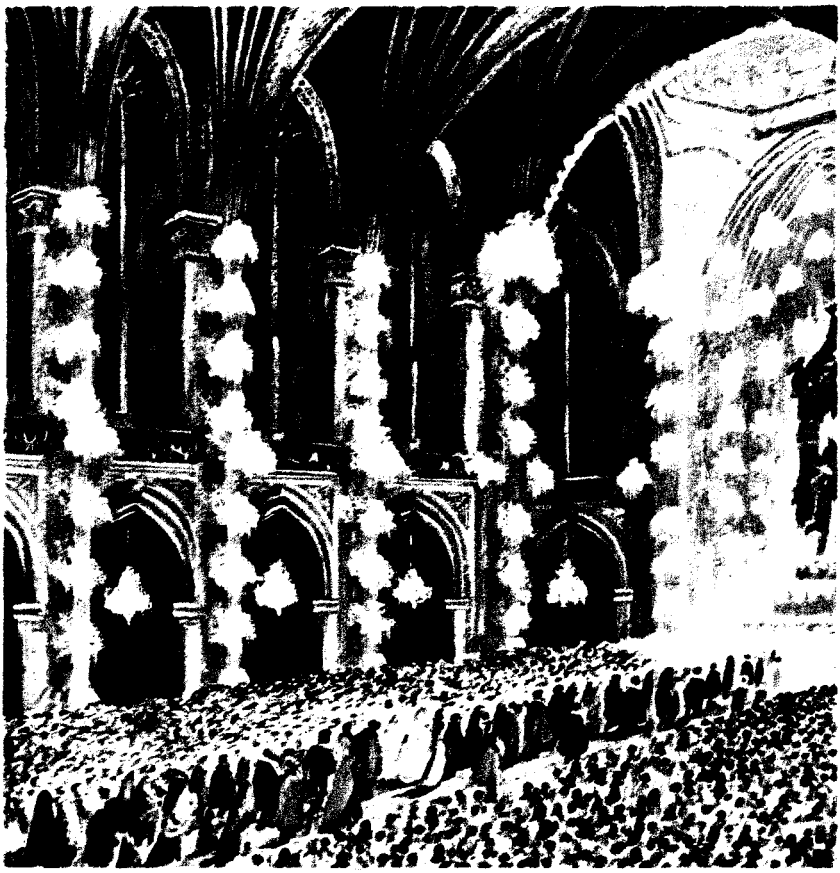

service," said Pedro, "and it had better be I than you. You can easily find your way to the church; and you must see and hear everything twice, Little Brother—once for you and once for me. I am sure the Christ child must know how I should love to come with you and worship Him; and oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in anyone's way, take this little silver piece of mine and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking. Do not forget where you have left me, and forgive me for not going with you."

In this way he hurried Little Brother off to the city, and winked hard to keep back the tears as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the twilight. It was pretty hard to lose the music and splendor of the Christmas celebration that he had been planning for so long, and spend the time instead in this lonely place in the snow, caring for the poor, unconscious woman.

The great church was a wonderful place that night. Everyone said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and

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the thousands of people sang, the walls shook with the sound, and little Pedro, outside the city wall, felt the earth tremble around him.

At the close of the service came the procession with the offerings to be placed on the altar. Rich men and great men marched proudly up to lay down their gifts to the Christ child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle. A great writer laid down a book that he had been making for years and years. And last of all walked the King of the country, hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells.

A great murmur went through the church as the people saw the King take from his head the royal crown, all set with precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar, as his offering to the Holy Child. "Surely," everyone said, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing like this has ever happened before."

But still only the cold wind was heard in the tower, and the people shook their heads; and some of them said, as they had said many times before, that they

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never really believed the story of the chimes, and doubted if they ever had rung at all.

The procession was over, and the choir began the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopped playing, and everyone looked at the old minister who was standing by the altar, holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church, but as all the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly but distinctly, swinging through the air, the sound of the chimes.

So far away, and yet so clear the music seemed—so much sweeter were the notes than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as though something held each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar, to see what great gift had awakened the long-silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.

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Leonard Lyons:
Columnist to the World

by JOEL EDWARDS

He works 15 hours a day gathering his anecdotes about the great and near-great

AT THE MANHATTAN HOME of playwright Moss Hart a few years ago a group of people including such celebrities as the late Alexander Woollcott, Dorothy Parker, George S. Kaufman, Edna Ferber, and Harpo Marx was playing a game called "Truth." Someone would ask a question, and the guests were honor-bound to answer frankly.

Finally the game got around to Leonard Lyons, the newspaper columnist, and this problem was posed: "If you were offered a choice between six months at Lyons' job or six months in jail, which would you choose?"

Everyone at the party was a notoriously hard and successful worker, in either the theater or the arts. Yet they answered unanimously, "Jail!"

This is one of the highest tributes ever paid to Leonard Lyons, and he is treasuring the story against the day when, if he ever has time, he will write his autobiography. Writing a daily column of any kind is nerve-wracking work, and Lyons, as the guests at Moss Hart's party so eloquently testified, has chosen the most difficult and exhausting brand of all.

As a columnist, Lyons is unique. Essentially, in addition to breaking an average of 500 news stories a year, he is a specialist in anecdotes —either humorous, sad, dramatic,

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or just unusual—about the great and near-great of our modern world. His daily column, printed in 101 newspapers with a total circulation of 10,000,000, often contains as many as 20 little stories about well-known people of all kinds.

Any one of the little stories probably could, if Lyons so chose, be expanded into a full 1,000-word column. But Lyons prides himself on reporting as many as possible. He works 15 hours a day gathering them, then pares them to the barest essentials, so that the maximum number can be squeezed in. In fact, the stories are told so quickly, without fuss or embroidery, that a reader sometimes has to look twice to catch the point.

The poet Carl Sandburg once commented wistfully: "How much richer American history would have been had there been a Leonard Lyons in Lincoln's time!"

The man who has created this new type of column is 44 years old, of medium height, and resembles a particularly smart and alert bird—an illusion that is given some emphasis by his darting brown eyes and his quick, nervous hands. He is always in a hurry, whether he is talking, walking, writing his column, or jotting notes, and he appears to be looking forward to the next "item" even while working on the current one.

Lyons lives with his wife Sylvia, the neighborhood sweetheart he courted as a youth on New York's East Side, in a tremendous apartment just off Central Park. Mrs. Lyons, a trim and alert young woman, wears four gold safety pins to decorate her blouses. These, she says, are her "service stripes." They represent sons George, 13, Warren, 10, Jeffrey, 6, and Douglas, 3.

The Lyons boys, even more than the Lyons column, are the pride of the family. Yet they are properly unspoiled by their father's life among the celebrities, for which they have no awe and, in fact, only a slight interest.

Once the boys and some young friends were listening to a conversation in the Lyons living room. The name of Lana Turner was mentioned and one of the friends piped up: "Who's that?"

Warren replied disdainfully, "You've surely heard of Lana Turner. Why, everybody knows *him!*"

In New York Leonard and Sylvia Lyons enjoy fame as parents. Once Robert Ruark, in a gesture of kinship of one columnist to another, invited Lyons to have a drink. Lyons, a teetotaler, said, "No, thanks. I never drink."

"Never?" Ruark asked.

"Well, only when I have a son."

Ruark cried, "You habitual drunkard, you!"

ASIDE FROM HIS WIFE, his sons, and an occasional golf game, Lyons has time in his crowded life only for work. Unlike many columnists, he scorns the use of assistants or "legmen," and in order to fill his column six days a week with the fruits of his own labor he has to work as hard as any man alive.

He usually gets to his office in the New York *Post* Building at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, shortly after breakfast. He writes, catches up on correspondence, or goes to work on the telephone until dinnertime, and then sets off on his rounds of the places where celeb-

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rities are likely to gather. Late one night he ran into actor William Powell in Reuben's restaurant. Just to make conversation, Powell asked Leonard: "Where have you been this evening?"

Lyons started to tick off the list: "Sardi's, the Algonquin, Moore's, Lindy's, Toots Shor's, the Barberry Room, the Stork, the Little Club, Copacabana, El Morocco, the Versailles . . . "

Powell, finding himself unable to count as fast as Lyons rattled off the names, threw up his hands and said drily, "What a remarkable sense of computation!"

At 4 o'clock in the morning, after visiting a dozen or more night clubs, dropping in at private parties, and chatting with some theater people in their dressing rooms, Lyons is usually just thinking about starting home—and still hoping he will meet a few newsworthy stayers-up on the street.

Even after he gets home, somewhere around daybreak, he frequently writes his column before going to bed. This is a routine which would kill an ordinary man, but Lyons, who always looks as if he came direct from a nap and a shower, seems to thrive on it.

Occasionally, of course, the strain of the job becomes too much. A few months ago, for example, he decided he needed a long, thorough rest. He kissed his wife and sons good-bye, boarded a plane, and was off to Europe for a vacation. Yet the urge to track down news got the best of him.

Lyons was gone for three weeks. In that time he saw five shows in as many nights in London. He got stories from Noel Coward, the British playwright, and Laurence Olivier, the actor. He visited Ambassador David Bruce in Paris and Ambassador James Dunn in Rome. He spent considerable time with Bing Crosby, Robert Taylor, and Deborah Kerr, who were on visits from Hollywood.

In 24 hours in Rome he had a private audience with Pope Pius, lunched with movie producer Sam Goldwyn and writer Robert Sherwood, spent the cocktail hour with Anna Magnani, the Italian actress, and went to dinner with Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini. He also took time during the day to be measured for five suits.

Also while in Europe, he visited the Aga Khan; talked to Secretary of State Acheson in London and again in Paris; saw no less than 100 other important people; and bought 103 neckties, of which he is a connoisseur.

Then he jumped aboard a plane to rush home in time for a Manhattan party arranged by his wife. When the plane stopped at Shannon, Ireland, he hopped out to talk to U.N. Secretary-General Trygve Lie. When it stopped at Gander, Newfoundland, he hopped out again to interview former King Peter of Yugoslavia. When friends at the New York airport asked how he felt, he replied: "I'm refreshed and ready for work!"

ALTHOUGH LEONARD'S traveling often upsets the Lyons household, it serves to give his column a strong international flavor. In 16 years as a columnist, Lyons has probably met and made friends of more famous people, from more different countries, than anybody

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who ever packed a suitcase. For years he has never walked into a restaurant anywhere in the world without running into someone he knew. Once he went to Maxim's, famed Paris restaurant, with Henri Bernstein, playwright, who has lived in the French capital most of his life. By actual count, Lyons knew more people at the tables than did Bernstein.

The last three Presidents, Hoover, Roosevelt, and Truman, have all corresponded with him—Truman because of a friendly little tiff between Lyons and Walter Winchell after the 1948 election. The incident started when Winchell wrote in his column: "Has Sylvia Lyons' husband paid Randolph Churchill the bet he lost wagering that Truman would lose? Hmmm?"

Next day Lyons reproduced this item in his own column and commented: "Hmmm yourself. Sylvia Lyons' husband has *never* lost an election bet." By way of proof, he appended a photostat showing he bet Randolph Churchill that Truman would be re-elected. Soon he received a letter in the President's own handwriting, saying: "You should have gotten 15 to 1 odds!"

Once, Lyons dropped in at a session of the Supreme Court in Washington, and, although he sat inconspicuously among the spectators, the late Justice Frank Murphy soon spotted him and nodded a greeting from the bench. Then in quick succession Justices Frankfurter, Vinson, Douglas, Jackson, and Reed all nodded to him.

The most interested observer of this incident was a Westerner who sat in the same row as Lyons. The case being heard was one involving the Westerner as plaintiff, and twice before he had come up before the Court and lost. As soon as the fifth Justice greeted Lyons—making a Court majority—the Westerner sidled over to Lyons with new hope in his eyes and said, "May I have your card, counselor?"

That use of the title "counselor" was not far wrong. As a youth, Lyons worked his way through high school and then night law classes. He practiced for five years and today is still a full-fledged member of the bar. His ability to talk legal language has enabled Lyons to dig out more personal anecdotes about top Washingtonians than almost any other reporter in the business.

One 3 A.M. at the Stork Club, a waiter brought Lyons the telephone and a voice at the other end said, "This is Harry Hopkins." Unable to believe that President Roosevelt's right-hand man would call him at such an hour, Lyons said: "Let's quit kidding. I'm in no mood for practical jokes."

The voice insisted, "But this *is* Harry Hopkins."

Lyons decided to try cross-examination. "Where did you see me last?" he demanded.

"At Lindy's," the voice replied, "with Oscar Levant, Mrs. Averell Harriman, and Garson Kanin."

Lyons made a quick apology, because that was the right answer. Hopkins then asked, "Leonard, can I come and see you?"

It turned out that Hopkins had no important business to discuss: he had been out with Louise Macy, the girl he was soon to marry, had taken her home, was restless, and just wanted somebody to talk to. Telling the story now, Lyons says:

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"He was like a kid in love, and wanted to talk about his girl. I was the only person he knew who was sure to be up at such an hour."

Two things have greatly helped Lyons make the friendships which in turn have made his column. One is his motto never to print anything that could possibly hurt or embarrass the people he mentions. The other is his own charm as a conversationalist—and his great sense of tact.

This peculiar faculty was best demonstrated recently by the manner in which he created a lifetime friendship—all within the matter of a few seconds—with Patsy Ruth Miller, one of the queens of the silent movies. Meeting Miss Miller for the first time, Lyons was impressed by how youthful she still appeared. The thought also immediately flashed into his mind: "The usual cliché when you meet an old-time star is to say, 'My goodness, I was in love with you when I was six years old!'"

So, instead, he said firmly, "Miss Miller, I was in love with you when I was a full-grown man and you were a child prodigy!"

Miss Miller threw out her arms and cried, "Leonard Lyons, you are the nicest man I ever met!"

There is a quality about Lyons that makes people want to confide in him; they seek him out in the clubs, write and phone to give him stories. This is partly because people like to see their names in his column, but it is also partly due to personal magnetism. His friends often go to great trouble to relay items which concern total strangers, with no thought of getting their own names in print.

Lyons' quick wit is matched—he says exceeded—by his wife's. Sylvia is noted in New York for her ability to coin wisecracks and pithy phrases, and many of the things she says on the spur of the moment get into the Lyons column.

Lyons, an impulsive man, once blurted an inappropriate remark in front of acquaintances. Later he tried to explain it away by commenting, "I said it with tongue in cheek." Mrs. Lyons, who is his severest critic as well as best friend, said tartly, "Don't confuse tongue in cheek with foot in mouth."

It is Mrs. Lyons, as a matter of fact, who is responsible for the Lyons column. The Wall Street law firm in which he had worked as a clerk by day while getting his diploma at night wanted him to go to Puerto Rico, specialize in Latin-American law, and eventually take over the Puerto Rican branch office.

Mrs. Lyons, to whom he had become unofficially engaged after meeting her at a neighborhood club on the East Side, did not like the idea of three years of separation while Lyons was working his way up to a living wage. "You've always wanted to write," she said, "and you have talent for it. You're going to write a column."

The Depression was on and there were few jobs for any kind of writers, much less writers without the slightest claim to experience as columnists. By virtue of great persistence and skill, however, Lyons managed to get a considerable amount of writing into print.

Bill Corum, sports columnist for the New York *Journal-American*, held a contest for amateur sports writers. Lyons won it—and got two

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tickets to a championship prize fight at Madison Square Garden. Dan Parker, sports editor of the *Daily Mirror*, conducted a limerick contest—and Lyons got two tickets to a prize fight at Ebbet's Field.

One newspaper held a contest in which readers were asked to imagine they were with seven prominent American women in a sinking boat, and only one could be saved. Prizes of $2 each were offered for the best letters on "Which would you save?" Lyons submitted seven letters under seven names, and won seven $2 prizes.

The financial rewards of such work were virtually nil, but eventually he had a scrapbook of clippings with his coveted credit line; and when the *Post* changed hands in 1934, the new management decided to give him a chance.

At the time it was popularly believed that a good newspaper columnist had to meet three requirements. He needed newspaper experience; he had to have a wide circle of famous friends; and he had to know all about New York night clubs. Lyons had never worked on a newspaper, did not know a single celebrity, and had been in a night club only once—for a free evening won in another of those contests. None of the deficiencies, however, bothered him a bit. He was hired for a 60-day trial period and at the end of that time, instead of being fired, he received a $10-a-week raise. He and Sylvia got married and started to raise a family.

By the time he was 30, Lyons was a sensational success in the business for which he had, by conventional standards, no training at all. The Big Town boy had made good. That year his mother, the stalwart immigrant who had kept the Lyons family together by running a candy stand after her husband died, gave Leonard what was perhaps the finest birthday present he has ever received.

His mother, schooled in her native Rumania, could read and write Rumanian, Yiddish, Polish, German, and Hebrew—but had never had time to learn to read English. On that 30th birthday, she proudly handed him a certificate showing she had registered in the public school where her 12th grandchild had enrolled the same day.

"I'm tired of having my friends read your column to me," she told him. "I'm going to learn how to read it myself!"

Clincher!

LITTLE ARNOLD wanted a dog so badly. Pleading with his mother, he brought up every argument he could think of: the animal would not eat much, it wouldn't require much care, he would keep it outdoors and away from all her household treasures. Mother was almost persuaded, but not quite. The boy racked his brain for more ammunition. Suddenly he had it!

"And another thing, Mother—he won't play with matches!"

He got the dog.

—STEPHEN TEMPLETON

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Maestros and Mannerisms

by SID ULLMAN

IGNACE PADEREWSKI had a great aversion to staying in hotels. Whenever the great pianist arrived in an American city on concert tour, he lived in his private Pullman car, a de luxe affair which had a complete staff, headed by an expert chef, and was equipped with a piano on which the Polish master would practice for hours . . .

The favorite orchestra of Hector Berlioz, the French composer, consisted of 30 pianos, 240 strings, 30 harps, and scores of percussion and wind instruments. Once, Berlioz included in a symphony a special part for a battery of artillery . . .

Warren G. Harding bought a trombone with the first $150 he ever earned. Later, Harding became so proficient a musician that he was made a member of the "Silver Cornet Band" and won a prize of $200 in an important band competition . . . Charles Fuqua, of the "Ink Spots," is so attached to his guitar that when the quartette presented him with a new instrument, he played it off-key on purpose, so they would let him return to strumming the old one . . .

Although Irving Berlin is considered America's most successful composer of popular tunes, approximately 80 per cent of his songs have never become hits . . .

Ludwig van Beethoven, who cared nothing for dress, was once arrested as a tramp while out for a walk, and taken to jail . . . Before each performance, Arturo Toscanini is kissed on one cheek, Italian fashion, by his son Walter, for good luck . . .

Frederic Chopin wore a special appliance on his hands while sleeping in order to stretch them. Robert Schumann wore a similar apparatus for some time, but instead of improving the quality of his performance on the piano, the device ruined his hands for the rest of his life . . .

Comedian Danny Kaye can sing 150 to 175 words a minute, depending upon the length of the words . . .

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Orchid Glamour BY THE PLANELOAD

by R. T. NIMMONS

Mass produced, an aristocrat of flowers is no longer a luxury for just the rich

THE BOSTON department-store executive picked up the telephone. "Get me Crossley Associates in Honolulu," he told the operator.

"We'll need 5,000 orchids," he began when the connection was made, "and two tons of other flowers and foliage. We must get them in three days. Can you deliver?"

"Can do," was the laconic answer from 5,000 miles away.

"Randy" Crossley, president of Crossley Associates, "Hawaii's Flower Wholesaler" and one of the world's largest orchid exporters, hung up the phone. Minutes later in Honolulu, a Japanese butcher, a Hawaiian stevedore, and a Chinese weaver got this message: "Deliver your flowers early tomorrow. We've got a big shipment."

Next morning a sun-bleached Quonset hut set in the midst of Honolulu's international airport bustled with activity. Across long packing tables rippled a brilliant rainbow of pink, red, orange, yellow, and deep-purple orchids. Twenty girls selected the choicest blossoms, swathed each orchid stem in cotton, then placed the blossom in a shallow trough of water.

Other girls picked the flowers from the water, then tucked them in cardboard cartons marked "Air Freight. Fragile!" With assembly-line precision the boxes were inspected, placed on hand trucks, and shuttled 75 yards to waiting planes.

At the opposite end of the hut, a dense tropical forest grew by the minute. Trucks disgorged dozens of 75-foot coils of giant philodendron, the rich green leaves measuring more than a foot across. Planes, shuttling in from neighboring islands, unloaded bales of lacy green fern and crates of red *ti* leaves.

In a few hours three huge trans-ocean cargo planes lifted thunderously from the runway and sped eastward across the Pacific. Less than 40 hours later, the Boston department store had its 5,000

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orchids and two tons of flowers and foliage.

Occasions like this are almost routine at Crossley Associates. They go far to explain the skyrocket success of the four-year-old firm whose president—stocky, dynamic, 46-year-old Randolph Allin Crossley—in 1946 set out to make the orchid America's favorite flower.

Toward this goal, Crossley last year sold more than 1,000,000 orchids. He expects to double this by the end of 1950. His firm claims half the dollar volume of a new multimillion export business which has blossomed in the Hawaiian Islands since World War II.

Several hundred grower-shippers make up the fledgling industry. All told, last year they air-shipped more than 5,000,000 orchids to glamour-conscious Americans. Using orchids as an exotic pace setter, Hawaii's growers also do a booming business in other rare tropical flowers, foliage, and ferns.

PRACTICALLY ALL of Hawaii's orchids are plucked from back-yard gardens where owners grow the blossoms as a profitable avocation. Crossley's biggest supplier is an optician. Others are a Hawaiian truck driver, a Greek scientist, a veterinarian, a football coach, and a Honolulu manufacturer.

But the business is rapidly getting too big for back yards. To compete with hothouse orchids grown on the U. S. mainland, and to insure a steady, year-round supply, Crossley is developing his own extensive plantings. He operates probably the world's largest Vanda orchid gardens, containing 100,000 plants capable of producing 10,000 blooms a day, 52 weeks of the year. Now he is shooting for 250,000 plants, 25,000 blooms a day.

"Every woman deserves at least one orchid a year," Crossley says, endearing himself to some 75,000,000 American women, all potential orchid wearers. To prove his point, Crossley has put orchids in a budget class that allows almost any man to buy at least one a year for the little woman.

Today you can buy a baby Vanda for 50 to 75 cents at most florists. A corsage sells for about $2.50. A garland of 40 fashioned in an Hawaiian *lei* (necklace) will cost $7.50 to $10, while a pink and white, king-size Cattleya orchid sells for $2.50 to $10.

Unique promotion stunts have created popular demand. "Orchids sell the doggonedest things," Crossley confides. When the Rexall drug chain opened its Western headquarters in Hollywood, it gave away 50,000 Hawaiian Vandas. Drugstore orders soon poured in from all over the country.

In San Diego, a meat-packing company introduced a new sideline brand of soap flakes with 2,000 orchid giveaways. An Oregon flour mill handed out 50,000 blossoms to housewives who purchased a new kind of flour. And a Cleveland baseball club had 20,000 flowers rushed by air to encourage feminine attendance at the ball park.

Crossley, a one-time miner, plantation worker, and fish-cannery owner, now a pineapple and orchid entrepreneur, spark-plugs the industry and most of its promotion ideas. He is of medium stature, with sandy hair and blue eyes which combine with a ruddy complexion

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to create a disarming effect of youth. But he is no youngster in the rough and tumble of Hawaiian politics, where he shows a sagacity that baffles Island old-timers.

Crossley cut his eye-teeth in politics with a wartime term in Hawaii's Territorial Legislature, where in 1943 he introduced the Islands' first gross-income-tax law. Today he is chairman of Hawaii's Republican Party, and recently was an active delegate to the Territory's statehood convention. In this role, he helped to develop what Islanders hope will be the Constitution for America's 49th state.

Before Crossley's orchid company could get into quantity shipments, it had to solve tough problems. First it was packaging. Then shipping. Then merchandising. Then bugs. Then, finally, getting enough orchids to keep up with demand.

Some of the new firm's sorriest headaches came with first attempts to air-ship the world's most fragile blossoms. Air-line handlers cooked more orchids than they delivered by forgetfully leaving them in the sun. In winter the delicate blooms froze. These problems were solved by air-line cooperation and by developing special packaging.

Winter shipments today go in specially insulated boxes. Summer shipments travel in moisture-cooled packages, frequently with each orchid carrying its own water supply. Special temperature-control compartments have been developed in trans-Pacific planes to protect the blossoms. As a result, orchids fresh from Island gardens arrive in Los Angeles overnight from Hawaii, hit Chicago in 19 hours, Washington, D. C., in 25, and Miami in 40.

"Anybody can grow orchids in Hawaii," Crossley says, "and with a little luck, he can come up with the Hope Diamond of the industry."

Island fanciers have developed some real gems among the more than 500 new types they have hybridized to date. They range in color from deep chocolate brown, solid or mottled, to soft pastels of pink, green, cream yellow, purple, and pure white.

"There's hardly any color we can't supply commercially except black," Crossley declares.

ONE of the firm's most unusual orders required that a weekly assortment of flowers for painter Peter Hurd be flown to New Mexico regularly each week for seven weeks. Hurd was painting a still life of Hawaiian flowers and needed fresh replacements.

But for the day's average pack of 4,000 orchids, Crossley depends upon what he calls "the great American middle class." He includes in this group a sizeable segment of teen-agers and collegians. At graduation time, Crossley Associates can't keep up with orders. And yet, it was a June graduation order that almost gave the company a bad name in home-town Honolulu.

Crossley's daughter and 300 classmates were graduating from the local high school. Crossley, without consulting his partner Sam Wight, acceded to her request for 300 red carnation *leis* for the occasion. Each *lei* requires 100 blooms, so 30,000 carnations were needed. Crossley didn't know that torrential rains had washed out the Hawaiian carnation crop two nights before.

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"There wasn't one red carnation to be had in the whole Pacific," Wight recalls with a wry smile, "and the boss had promised to supply 30,000 of them!"

However, the graduation was a huge success. The girls looked lovely with their red *leis*. But Crossley's face matched their color when he found Wight had imported 30,000 red carnations from California!

Crossley scoffs at pessimists who claim his nation-wide promotions are deglamorizing the orchid. To skeptics who say he can't continue the demand, he has a stock reply:

"All my life, when people told me I couldn't do something, it only made me want to try it. Generally, it's worked out pretty well."

What Is Your Best Weight?

WELL, NOT TOO FAT and not too thin. Your best weight is likely to be one that keeps you feeling and looking your best. What is about right at age 25 to 30 is close to what you should weigh for the rest of your life. The old idea that it's natural, harmless, even healthy, to add a few pounds with the years has been pretty well exploded. The truth is that the healthiest, longest-lived people stay on the thin side, particularly after 40.

There is no way of arriving at absolutely correct weights for everyone, but we all like something to measure by. This table of desirable weights for men and women 25 or older is based on medico-actuarial studies of hundreds of thousands of insured men and women. It is supplied by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. as a guide for judging how close you are to your best weight.

MEN — WEIGHT IN POUNDS ACCORDING TO FRAME (as ordinarily dressed)					WOMEN — WEIGHT IN POUNDS ACCORDING TO FRAME (as ordinarily dressed)				
HEIGHT (with shoes on) FT.	IN.	SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME	HEIGHT (with shoes on) FT.	IN.	SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
5	2	116–125	124–133	131–142	4	11	104–111	110–118	117–127
5	3	119–128	127–136	133–144	5	0	105–113	112–120	119–129
5	4	122–132	130–140	137–149	5	1	107–115	114–122	121–131
5	5	126–136	134–144	141–153	5	2	110–118	117–125	124–135
5	6	129–139	137–147	145–157	5	3	113–121	120–128	127–138
5	7	133–143	141–151	149–162	5	4	116–125	124–132	131–142
5	8	136–147	145–156	153–166	5	5	119–128	127–135	133–145
5	9	140–151	149–160	157–170	5	6	123–132	130–140	138–150
5	10	144–155	153–164	161–175	5	7	126–136	134–144	142–154
5	11	148–159	157–168	165–180	5	8	129–139	137–147	145–158
6	0	152–164	161–173	169–185	5	9	133–143	141–151	149–162
6	1	157–169	166–178	174–190	5	10	136–147	145–155	152–166
6	2	163–175	171–184	179–196	5	11	139–150	148–158	155–169
6	3	168–180	176–189	184–202					

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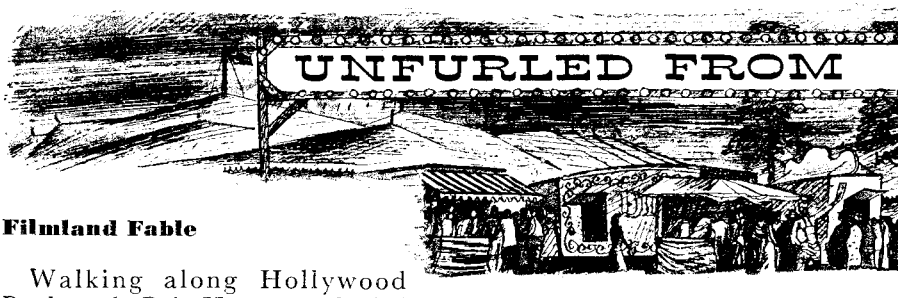

Filmland Fable

Walking along Hollywood Boulevard, Bob Hope was hailed by a young lady who, garbed in tight-fitting slacks, ran toward him crying: "Oh, Mr. Hope, won't you please give me your autograph?"

Just then she slipped, fell, and scooted along about as far as from second base to third. But Mr. Hope didn't say: "Gal, wherever bananas are peeled, there you'll find a landing field."

Nor did he remark: "Some skid, kid, you must carry a slide rule in your hip pocket."

He merely bowed courteously, assisted the girl to her feet, gave her his autograph, and went his rather dignified way. Whereupon a bystander remarked: "You might as well destroy that phony autograph, miss. But that guy sure looked like Bob Hope, didn't he?"

—*Wall Street Journal*

Radio Repeats

Mrs. Georgiana P. Carhart, the 84-year-old wit on Mutual's "Life Begins at 80," is never at a loss for a shrewd comment on anything. Anent the effects of diet on the female form divine, she observed: "A woman is better off with 200 pounds of curves than 100 pounds of nerves."

The pace was slower in great-grandma's day, but the teen-agers then made out all right. "The old-fashioned buggy ride was so nice," she remembered. "I held the horses while the man held me."

—Mrs. Louise Steiner

Asked what he did before he was married, a male contestant replied: "Anything I wanted to." —*Grit*

Fan Fare

Actress Ann Sheridan likes to tell about the farewell party tendered her upon her retirement as a schoolteacher in Texas. Annie was thrilled when a committee of pupils walked into her room and handed her a huge cake, a fragrant bouquet, and an equally flowery message of good will. It was all very touching and her eyes got misty as she read the sentimental greeting. Suddenly she had to stifle a snicker. For at the tail end of the tribute, scribbled in pencil, was this postscript:

"This is from all the kids except Alice-Marie, Buss, and Chuck, who are glad you are going—they never liked you anyway!" —Hy Gardner

When film star Edward G. Robinson visited Israel, he was besieged by autograph seekers wherever he went. Once, as he was leaving a school building, he found himself

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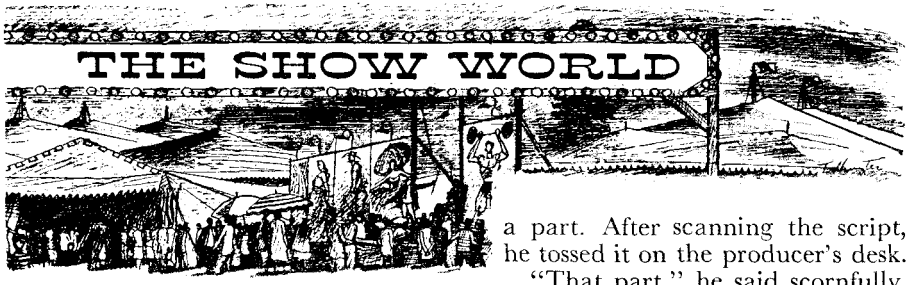

surrounded by small children extending their exercise books to him. The star was visibly touched until a companion pointed out that it wasn't his autograph the kids were after. Quite the contrary, they wanted *him* to see that they had learned to write their own names.

—PAUL STEINER, *Israel Laughs* (BLOCH)

Teletale

The ultradignified Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado can't figure whether he was the victim of a rib or not. He reported at a local television studio the other evening for Blair Moody's "Meet Your Congress."

A woman visitor, hearing someone call Mr. Johnson by name, went up to the lawmaker and burbled: "Oh, Mr. Johnson, I've been simply dying to see you on television! Where's Mr. Olsen?"

—GEORGE DIXON

Cellulines

A Hollywood studio had under contract a featured player who had shown great promise in his first few pictures and then began to slide until he became something of a problem. One day he was called into a producer's office and offered a part. After scanning the script, he tossed it on the producer's desk.

"That part," he said scornfully, "would kill the reputation I have as an actor!"

The producer nodded. "I agree with you," he purred. "It's your big chance."

—T. J. MCINERNEY

Onstage

When the late John Barrymore was playing in New York he was cornered by an actor who launched into a long description of his trials, winding up with a story about having accepted a very inferior job for one of his talents.

"The manager said," he concluded, "that he would pay me what I was worth for this bit part—and when Saturday night came he handed me $20."

Barrymore looked at him coldly and asked, "What was the extra five for?"

—FRANCES RODMAN

They say "There's no business like show business." Do you know a funny story that proves it? How about that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage or screen, that backstage story about a show-world personality? Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World," but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for accepted items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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Good-bye to GRAY Hair!

by CAROL HUGHES

Here, at last, after years of laboratory research, is a long-sought aid to glamour

AMERICA'S GLAMOROUS cosmetics business can take major credit for making our women the most beautiful, the most stylish, and the most imitated females in the world. Every technique and device that a $1,191,000,000 industry could invent has been focused on glorifying the fair sex. But, for years, beauticians and stylists had been stumped by one exasperating problem. Despite their research and laboratory work, they seemed unable to develop an inexpensive hair tint and color restorer that could be used safely and effectively at home.

Now, at last, a preparation has been perfected that meets the approval of scientists, cosmetics experts, and the public. Behind its recent unveiling is the dramatic story of its two inventors, Donu Edmond and Jean Grimault. Edmond, formerly beautician to the Court of Rumania, originated the famous Platinum Blonde for movie actress Jean Harlow, and for 30 years has been one of Fifth Avenue's leading beauty consultants. Grimault is a French stylist and chemist who came to New York in 1921 from his father's salon in Paris.

Both men had long nourished a secret ambition: to discover the perfect hair dye. Therefore, each spent a great deal of his spare time experimenting with test tubes and colors.

During the early days of their quest, Edmond and Grimault labored independently of one another. In his beauty shop on a Manhattan side street, Jean filtered countless combinations in search of a *testproof* dye. Meanwhile, between appointments with celebrated clients at his Fifth Avenue salon, Edmond was also experimenting with tinting mixtures.

After countless hours of pouring, blending, and sampling, Grimault one day hung up his apron with a smile of satisfaction. At last, he had found what he knew was a workable formula.

Almost at the same time, Edmond, too, perfected a dye. The only trouble was, each formula broke down into 100 different shades and thus could be applied only in a beauty salon with professional assistance. Before the dye could become a marketable product, each tint had to be confined to

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a single specific color or shade.

Since the two men knew each other, they decided to team up and pool their knowledge. Edmond promptly cleared out a section of his establishment for a well-equipped laboratory where Grimault now spent all his time. At intervals, Edmond would rush into the lab from his salon to compare results and make suggestions. Their goal was discovery of a foolproof product limited to the 12 most desirable colors and shades with ingredients skillfully mixed to prevent over- or under-tinting.

As the experiments continued, this ad began to appear in a New York paper:

"Well-known salon will let you try this proven hair coloring, plus free shampoo and hair set, for a limited time only. . . . Whether your hair is long or short, natural, blended, tinted, gray, or just faded —whether you have a recent or remote permanent, or none at all— a charming experience awaits you."

Women came to the salon by the hundreds to do their hair under expert supervision. Many were so well-satisfied that they returned again and again to try dramatic new tints. Then one day, a man, an elderly messenger with gray hair, stopped at the door to deliver a package. After he had watched in awe while women performed their magical hair change, he asked hesitantly, "Do you think I could do my own hair here?" He certainly could, he was told.

Two days later this grateful letter arrived from the messenger: "For several years now, I have been greeted at work with 'hello, pop,' although I am not yet 50. Since coloring my hair, I enjoy the real pleasure of hearing people say: 'how do you do?' "

Meanwhile, as each color was finally considered testproof and ready for home marketing, it was turned over to three specialists in dermatology. Now the analysis began all over again. This was the final stage—to learn if the dye caused any skin disturbance or allergy, and to discover whether its repeated use would injure the hair in any way.

Finally, after eight years of diligent research, the "perfect dye" was discovered.

All reports came back stamped with full clinical approval.

FOR THE PAST YEAR now, Tintair (which comes in a variety of 12 colors) has been tested by beauty experts in key cities across the country. They have learned that the adaptable preparation works equally well on bleached hair, jaded hair, gray hair, streaked or hennaed hair, and overdone or underdone permanented hair.

Now, any woman or man (statistics reveal that some 3,000,000 men use hair coloring) can walk into a drug or department store, purchase a package of the new product, take it home, apply it, and emerge a little later as a restored blond, brunette or redhead.

It is just as easy to use the new dye as it is to apply a hair tonic or wave lotion. And no shampooing or pre-bleaching is necessary. You pour it into a pan, take a small brush, "slap it on," leave it for 15 minutes, and presto—you have a shiny, soft new coloring!

The product's most unusual fea-

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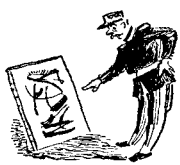
ture is its automatic "time action." After 15 minutes, the dye times itself, so that if a woman is interrupted during the treatment, she need not worry about streaking or lines of demarcation. And if the preparation gets on the skin, it washes off easily with soap and water.

Now that success has crowned their efforts, Grimault and Edmond are thinking in terms of what their years of labor will mean to the average man or woman who cannot afford the prices of famous stylists. Edmond likes to think that their invention will mean much to the man who does not want to be retired in his fifties, and who will now be able to keep his youthful appearance much longer.

"Men have been sneaking into private salons for years for hair coloring," he says, "not only to improve their appearance, but because they know that gray hair is often a detriment to job-holding. Now I predict that tinting will soon belong in the same casual class as hair tonics, shaving lotions, and deodorants."

But to Grimault, his treasure is a letter from a housewife in Milwaukee, who wrote:

"Thank you, whoever you are, for making Tintair possible. Now even I, with my three children and a modest income, can enjoy red hair that looks as beautiful as Myrna Loy's. It is surely a woman's dream come true . . ."



Spotlight on Picasso

MADAME PICASSO was crossing the Spanish-French border early in World War II. The French customs in making a routine check of her luggage found a canvas which aroused their suspicions.

"And what is this, madame?" asked an official.

"This is my portrait, as painted by my ex-husband, Pablo Picasso."

"Oh, *no, never!*" exclaimed the official. "*This is not a portrait,* madame, this is a machine."

Madame Picasso tried to reassure him—unsuccessfully—that indeed the painting was a portrait of herself. The issue—machine versus portrait—was heatedly disputed by both sides.

At last the official called in what he considered the final authority on the subject: an engineer.

The engineer went over the canvas carefully, measuring, tabulating, scrutinizing it from all angles. After half an hour he turned to the eager official and stated with finality:

"My dear friend, even if this is a machine—*it will never work!*"

Madame Picasso proceeded on her journey—portrait and all.

—FRIEDELIND WAGNER

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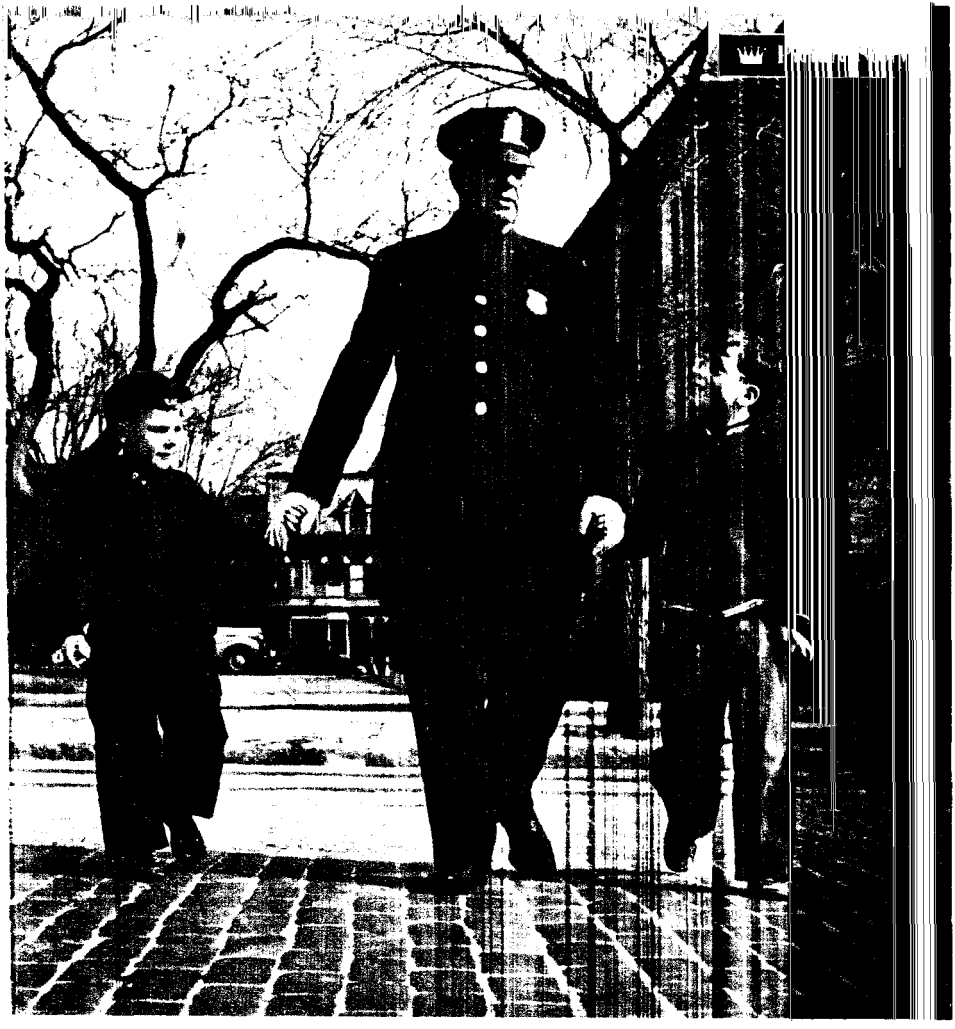

Behind That Badge

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
WALLACE LITWIN

THE POLICE of your community are not a class apart; they are plain and friendly people. This happens to be the story of the Police Department of Springfield, Massachusetts. But there are hundreds of others like it all over America. Wherever you find these men in blue, give them confidence and trust, for they are the guardians of your safety and welfare.

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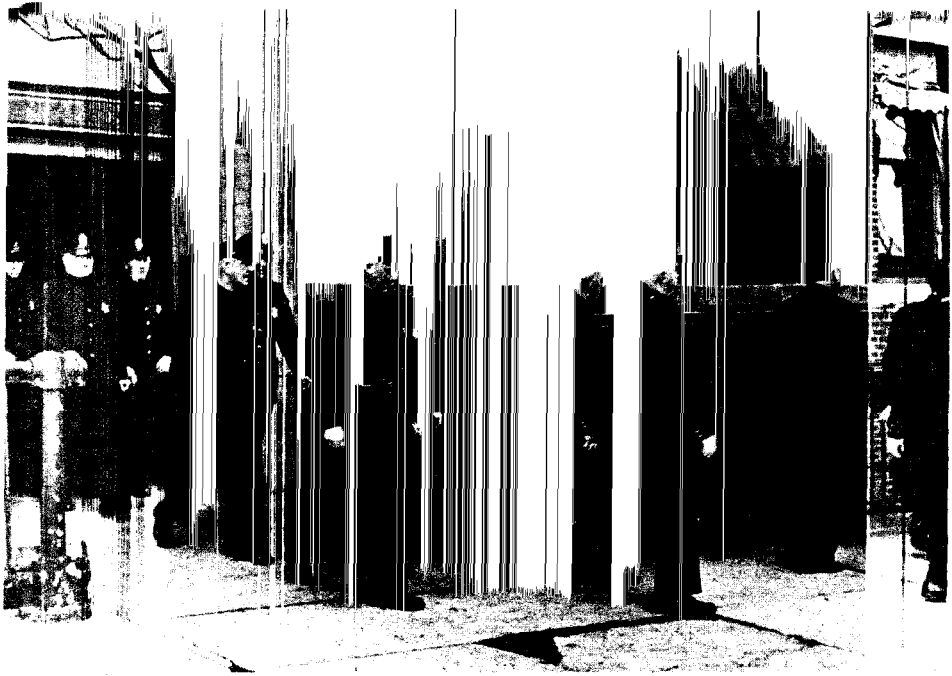

Three times a day, as the shift changes, police patrols leave headquarters.

THIS IS A TYPICAL SCENE in a typical American city—the police shift is changing. These men, ordinary citizens themselves, are setting forth to guard other citizens from the crime, carelessness, and mischief that regularly tangle the everyday affairs of a modern, thriving community. Where once a lone town constable could handle Springfield's trifling crime problems, it now takes 302 officers, 125 auxiliary police, and countless specialists to solve the complex problems of maintaining law and order.

Take the traffic problem. There are 81,000 cars in Springfield, just twice the number in 1937. To compound the problem, as Traffic Specialist J. Albert Murphy says, "Our streets were laid out by the Puritans. They're not wide enough—and don't go far enough, either."

Yet in this city that depends heavily on trucking for divers manufactures, there has not been a traffic fatality among its 40,000 children since 1948. To achieve this enviable record, Murphy and the other 41 officers of the Springfield Traffic Bureau have ceaselessly studied charts, statistics, and reports. They have worked up to 16 hours a day. They have inaugurated and tested scores of safety procedures. "But," says Murphy, "if you can keep hundreds of people out of hospitals and morgues, it's all worth it."

There is no vice squad in Springfield today. Its place has long since been taken by the Crime Prevention Bureau which has taken over the old duties of the vice squad but

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Chief Gallagher examines a traffic graph; it shows only two deaths for this year.

whose major objective is to prevent crime by giving sensitive advice and guidance to young people with problems and to erring women who once were treated as social outcasts.

In the old days, police work involved only arrest and prosecution, regardless of the circumstances in each individual case. Today, the wisdom and experience of four policewomen, a juvenile officer, a doctor, and a psychiatrist are used to diagnose social problems.

"What's the use of trying to treat a symptom if you don't recognize the basic malady?" Policewoman Rita O'Connell asks.

Springfield's force, however, is not unique. Like others throughout the U.S., it has learned that a gun and blackjack are no longer enough to cope with modern transgressions. As a result, the local men in blue are representative of the new policeman who is guarding the American scene. Schooled in every phase of police operations, he is periodically tested, retrained, and brought up to date on crime prevention.

For good reason, it is not easy for a man to join the force in Springfield: three applicants are rejected for every one accepted. If, like Joe Budd, you are a young war veteran with a high-school education, in good health, and with a clean record, you have the best chance. Some men join the force because they seek the security of a civil-service job. Others are interested in community service. Joe Budd's reason for joining is simple: "I wanted to be a cop!"

In 1938, he was a U.S. Navy

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If notified by the owners, police will check every vacant house in the city several times a day. Here, Officer Thomas Keating makes sure that the windows are locked. A veteran of 60, Keating has served with Springfield police for 29 years.

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A two-way radio keeps Officers Connally and Fahey in touch with headquarters.

lightweight boxing champion. When he came out of the service in 1946, he was ready for the Springfield police force. He took a rigid physical examination and was fingerprinted. For two months Budd went to police school, preparing for the stiff written tests established by the Massachusetts Civil Service Commission. He studied criminal law and police procedure. Friends and neighbors were asked to evaluate his reputation and character. And all through the training, he was under constant observation. Then he took the civil-service test.

A nervous feeling never left him until the end of May, 1947, when at last he heard the news: he had passed! His name went on a civil-service list to await a vacancy, and, on October 22, Joe Budd became a

Policewoman Fitzpatrick and Sgt. O'Connor work together on children's cases.

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The fingerprints of every known criminal in the area are registered in this file.

Every print is sent to the F.B.I. Five members of the force are print experts.

Lt. Ernest Tourtellotte regularly examines the Department's extensive arsenal.

patrolman in the Springfield Police Department.

When a fellow officer visited the Budds at home recently and found Joe painting the kitchen, he teased him about working on his day off. Big Joe straightened up and grinned. "I may be the law on my beat, but"—and he nodded toward his wife and son—"they tell me what to do here!"

The cops of Springfield are as diverse a group of citizens as can be found within a representative American city. They range in age from 23-year-old Frank Gallagher, Jr., son of the Deputy Chief, to 68-year-old Howard Tourtellotte; in size from 140-pound, five-foot-nine Bernard Kane to 265-pound, six-foot-five Johnny Johnson; in background from Harry Foley, a regis-

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In the police line-up which is held every morning at 8:30, Detectives Moriarity and Martin question a suspect. After arraignment, he will be housed temporarily in the headquarters cell block, after which he goes to Hampden County jail.

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Officers bring personal and police problems to Chaplain Edmond Fleming.

tered pharmacist, to Dennis Costigan, who was raised in the tough North End and whose son is now in the F.B.I. They are Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and Negroes. Eight of ten were born in Springfield, and nine of ten are war veterans. Ten officers have fathers on the force, 30 have brothers.

Off duty, they live and play like their neighbors; they root for the Springfield Cubs, fish in the Westfield River, and share in community life. But on duty, each man is a cop's cop, sharing in common a strong feeling of loyalty toward the city he is paid to protect.

Back in 1922, December 21 was

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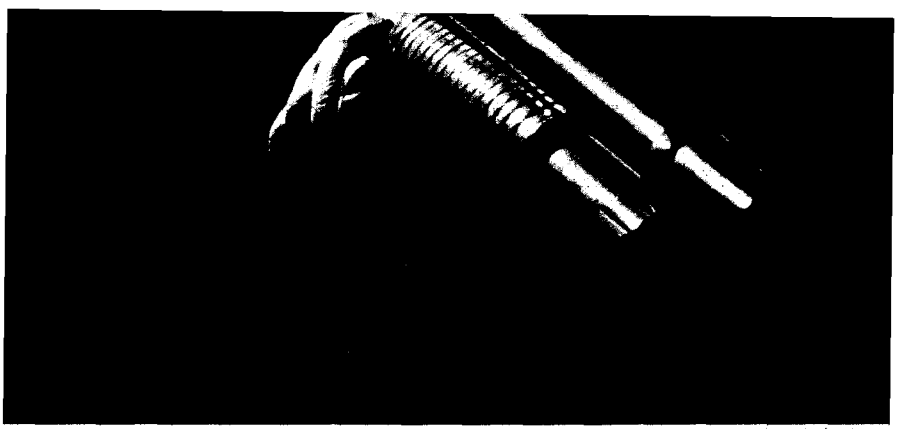

The force's 20 five-man marksmanship teams compete in New England competitions.

the last day a man could file his application for the police force before the list was closed. Only his brother Frank's last-minute urging induced Ray Gallagher to file, and their applications went in together. Since then, neither one has ever had a single regret.

Upward through the ranks they went — patrolman, sergeant, lieutenant, captain—until one was appointed Chief, the other Deputy Chief. In the eight years since, Chief Ray has become a national authority on criminology, and a regular lecturer and vice-president of the F.B.I. National Academy. He has discussed police problems

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on traffic, burglary, ambulance calls, and civilian defense with his community in frequent informal radio talks. In one afternoon, 50,000 booklets listing the ways citizens could aid the police and themselves were distributed in Springfield. In such ways, Gallagher has made the task of his force easier.

A restless, crisp-spoken man of 50, the Chief is seldom bogged in routine. He is still too close to his own beat-pounding, crime-smashing days for that. No new idea is too startling for his consideration.

Once, Gallagher thought he detected a trace of extra perception in two of his young patrolmen. He called Tom Moriarity and Bill Martin into his trophy-hung office and announced another innovation

Sgt. Frappier's judo exercises keep all the officers in top physical condition.

Nearly every officer participates in activities for Springfield children. The big event is an annual Christmas party, complete with presents and Santa Claus.

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Gerald Driscoll of the Crime Prevention Bureau helps Gerry with his homework.

in Springfield police work. Martin and Moriarity became detectives, were given no assignment except to cruise the city between 6 P.M. and 2 A.M.—the now-famous "Free-Lance Patrol." Almost at once their record of arrests paid tribute to the man who had perceived their ability and created the job.

Nor does the bond between Martin and Moriarity end at headquarters. Two years ago their apartments suddenly seemed too small to house their growing families. They scouted the city and found two vacant lots back to back. Within the month, they had begun working on Tom's new house, because

Murphy is an F.B.I. Academy graduate.

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Bill, Jr., and Grandmother discuss the exploits of Officer William Morrissey.

It took Bill Martin and Tom Moriarity a year to build Tom's house, less for Bill's.

George Tracy's pride in his job is matched only by his pride in his turkeys.

"his family was bigger." Day by day it took shape as the two men put in every off-duty hour hammering, sawing, and planing. When it was finished, all the Moriaritys moved in, and Bill and Tom promptly began working on the excavation for the Martin home.

These are the people of the Springfield Police Department. Contrary to movie and radio standards, there are no snarling, quick-triggered heroes among them, only farsighted men and women—ordinary citizens—who have been trained to grasp the broad concepts of modern law enforcement.

All in all, the police officers of the city of Springfield are better men for their jobs—the jobs that have made their city a better and safer place in which to live.

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Two former altar boys, James Cavanaugh and Thomas Kennedy, serve again in their childhood capacities as Father Fleming distributes communion at Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral. Every faith is represented on the Springfield force.

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Like most of his officers, Chief Gallagher has always lived in Springfield. His work reflects his hope for the city. "I expect my sons and daughters to live here for a long time to come. I'd like it to be the kind of place they'd be proud of."

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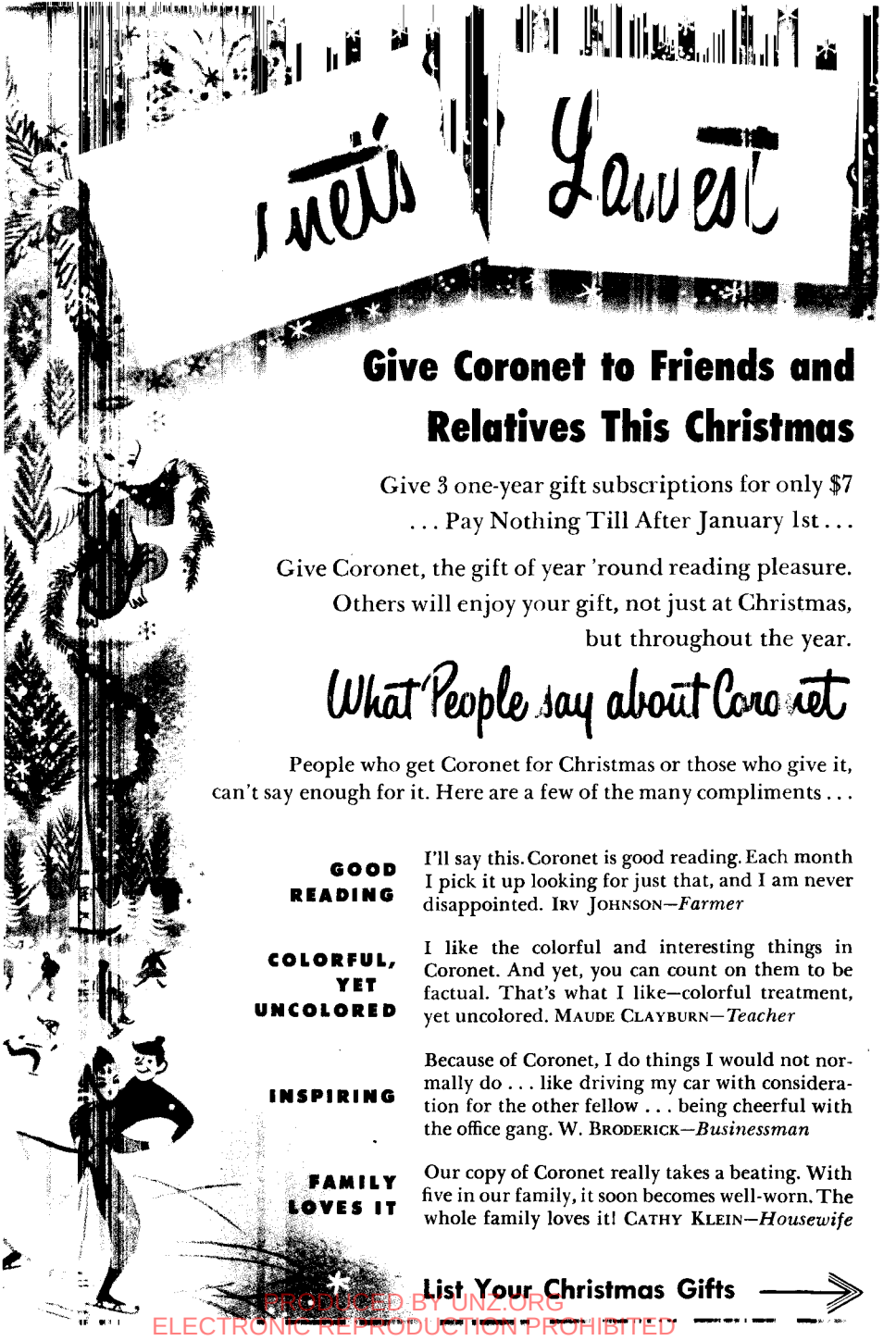

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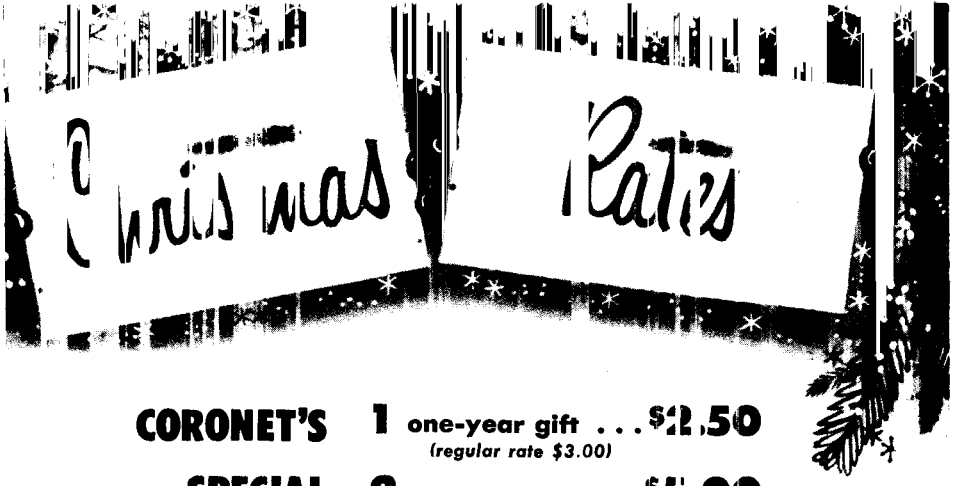

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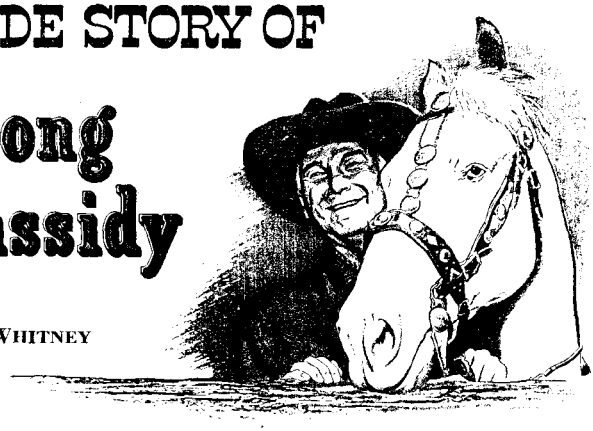
THE INSIDE STORY OF Hopalong Cassidy

by DWIGHT WHITNEY



Bill Boyd, current idol of America's kids, made himself over in "Hoppy's" image

ONCE A WEEK, an almost-incredible portion of America's juvenile population drops whatever it may be doing, scrambles to the nearest television set, and proceeds to whistle, stamp, and applaud the feats of a silver-haired cowboy named Bill (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd.

If this weekly stampede reflected nothing but childish interest in the adventures of Hopalong; his horse, Topper; and his pals, California and Lucky, it would be amazing enough. Actually it goes much farther. Hopalong Cassidy is more than a diversion: for the present generation he seems to embody all that is desirable, reassuring, and exciting in life. In three short years he has become—thanks to TV—a fixture in the American scene as basic as the Fourth of July.

Children do their best to act like "Hoppy," talk like him, think like him, and wear the clothes he wears. Often, they even urge their fathers to make over *their* personalities, too, on the Cassidy model. In some instances, this has become a heartbreaking problem. Boyd gets dozens of letters every week from disenchanted youngsters who, overwhelmed by the insecurities of modern life, want to come and live with Hoppy because they are sure he will make everything all right.

As a consequence of all this, Bill Boyd, who no more than three years ago was in such financial straits that he had to mortgage his car, finds himself today not only universally loved, but the head of a mushrooming multimillion-dollar business. Currently there are more than 100 articles being manufactured under his magic pseudonym, ranging from cowboy hats, chaps, boots, guns, and holsters (for both boys and girls) to such Western anomalies as bathrobes, raincoats, bedspreads, and Castile soap.

Manufacturers can't keep up with the orders. In the scant year since Hopalong items first went on the market, Hopalong Cassidy Enterprises has found itself handling 65 per cent of the entire Western merchandising trade in the

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U. S. As Boyd puts it: "We will do a minimum of $80,000,000 and a maximum of $100,000,000 this year —not counting royalties."

Under the licensing system, by which he allows qualified manufacturers to use his name, Boyd gets five per cent. This is irrespective of his income from other sources. As the hero of a comic strip syndicated by the Los Angeles *Mirror* to 126 U. S. and 24 foreign newspapers, he is enthusiastically read by almost 40,000,000 people daily.

His Saturday radio program, sponsored by General Foods, is heard on 151 CBS stations from coast to coast. His movies, the cause of all the furor, are televised from 60 stations. Last summer his second record album, *Hopalong Cassidy and the Singing Bandit*, sold 200,000 before issuance. During his personal appearance tour with the Cole Bros. Circus, the crowds broke all attendance records. From these various sources, Boyd stands to make well over $1,000,000 this year.

The most remarkable part of his story, however, is not the change in his economic status: it is the change in him. Years ago, in private life, he had few of the virtues which Hopalong so strikingly exemplifies. Today he really tries to be like the character he helped to create, and it is often hard to tell where Cassidy ends and Boyd begins.

This was touchingly illustrated when the Chicago *Tribune* acquired the Hopalong strip, launching it with pomp and ceremony. Boyd was to come to Chicago to preside. When he arrived, he discovered that the paper had arranged a state luncheon with the Governor, the Mayor, and 50 *Tribune* executives. Boyd was embarrassed, for he had specified that he would come only to meet the kids and do a trio of hospital appearances.

He listened to the dignitaries extolling him for an hour. Then he arose and said:

"I still don't know why you wanted to see me. I thought my following was kids. But as long as you're here, I'd like to tell you about Hopalong Cassidy. I'm *not* going to tell you about Bill Boyd.

"In 1935 I met a man I admired. I became that man. Hopalong is the good side of Bill Boyd. I've fought for Hoppy pretty much alone for 15 years. Now I could use some help—and you're the guys who can give it to me. As I said before, I didn't come to town to meet the brass hats. I came to meet the kids—and there are a lot of them waiting outside for me."

Whereupon he walked out, leaving the flabbergasted politicians and newsmen cheering themselves hoarse. And 100,000 kids showed up that afternoon to endorse his good judgment.

IN THE LIGHT of the past, Boyd's present eminence constitutes a striking object lesson in how to achieve success through failure. Hopalong Cassidy is not a new character. The Western pictures in which he appears on television were made mostly between 1935 and 1945. At the time, they were hardly noticed. By 1945, the films had slipped so badly that their producer decided to give them up.

Bing Crosby, normally an astute businessman, was offered a substantial piece of Cassidy Enterprises in 1946 in return for $180,000 to

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make six more Hoppy pictures. Bing's managers said no. Today, Paramount is paying Boyd almost that much just to co-star with Crosby in a super-Western.

Crosby's lack of enthusiasm at the time is understandable. Boyd was nearing 50, and neither he nor his horse did tricks. As Westerners go, he was not even an expert rider. Worst of all, he didn't sing, which was considered inexcusable.

What Boyd did have, though, was imagination enough to realize the potentialities of TV. Moreover, he believed in the Hopalong character. In his hands, the traditional lone-wolf cowboy became a fatherly adviser and pal, dedicated to the classical virtues of honesty, modesty, and fair play, but not forgetting to deal liberal doses of old-fashioned cowboys and Indians.

Hopalong avoids physical strife wherever possible, considering diplomacy a better persuader than a six-shooter. He avoids the Western vernacular, phrasing his sentences well enough to please teachers of English. In his scripts, everyone has a genius for getting into trouble, and they all look to the wisdom and courage of Hoppy to help them out.

Their glances are well directed. Hoppy has wisdom and courage, and so has Bill Boyd. The latter, however, did not come by it easily. It was a long struggle, beginning the day he was born, June 5, 1898, in Hendrysburg, Ohio, one of a family of four boys.

"My family lived in a shack," he recalls, "in an alley back of a big house. The owner of the big house wouldn't let his children play with us. He built a high fence around the yard and the Boyd kids were never allowed on the other side of it."

That fence became a symbol to Bill, sharpening his sense of justice and stimulating his ambitions. Even after the Boyds moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, he still could see the fence. Then, in 1913, his father was accidentally killed. Bill stuck around for almost two years after that, helping his mother make a go of it. When she was offered a chance to run a grocery in San Diego, he decided to take off on his own.

He went to work in an Akron rubber plant, experimented briefly with the oil business, sold cars. When he tried to enlist in the Army, he was barred by an injury received in the oil fields. In 1918, he turned up in Flagstaff, Arizona, and took a flyer at hotelkeeping, which convinced him he still hadn't found the right way over the fence. So, in 1919, young William Lawrence Boyd went to Hollywood and got a job as an extra in *Why Change Your Wife?* starring Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan and directed by Cecil B. deMille. Even then, deMille was regarded with reverence, but Boyd, being brash and young, chose to ignore it. He was asked to lean over the back of a chair to smile into a pretty girl's eyes. After he had spoiled three takes, deMille became infuriated.

"Can't you do that simple thing?" the director yelled.

Bill yelled back, "If it's so simple, why don't you show me how?" DeMille demonstrated the proper technique, and the scene came off on schedule. Next day, Bill was signed to a stock contract at $30 a week, because deMille admired his courage if not his acting.

Boyd was now a prepossessing

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young man, solidly set up, with handsome, chiseled features, prematurely white hair, and a willingness to learn. By 1926 he had learned enough to be entrusted with the lead opposite Elinor Fair, whom he later married, in *The Volga Boatman*. Boyd was an immediate hit—as was the picture. Next, he consolidated his gains under the banner of Howard Hughes—and the fences were smashed to smithereens.

BOYD'S EARLY TRIUMPHS intoxicated him. He bought a beach house, a ranch house, a Palm Springs house, a Hollywood apartment, and a Beverly Hills mansion, each complete with servants, a fancy wardrobe, and low-slung cars. The removal of the fences was just too much for him. By 1930, his career was on the wane. And the finishing touches were provided in spectacular fashion.

At the time, there was another Hollywood actor named William Boyd, who had achieved deserved notoriety as a night-life figure. Bill says ruefully today, "He was the only guy in town who behaved worse than I did. But I got blamed for everything *both* of us did."

The blowup came when the other Boyd's house was raided during a wild party. As usual, the wrong Boyd got the blame. The publicity ruined his career, and he temporarily retired from the screen.

Boyd was now in the position of a man for whom salvation was a necessity. And salvation finally came in a fateful way. Paramount producer Harry Sherman had acquired movie rights to the Clarence E. Mulford books, with the idea of making them into a series of inexpensive Westerns. The hero was a dashing cowhand, Buck Peters.

Bill read the script, and had a suggestion. Buck Peters was boring, he said. The man with the real potential was Buck's profane but colorful side-kick, Hopalong Cassidy, who was scheduled to be played by Jimmy Gleason.

"Boy!" enthused Boyd. "Hopalong Cassidy! What a wonderful name for kids!"

Sherman was impressed and signed Boyd for six pictures. The Hopalong character was hastily renovated by Sherman's writers. He lost his limp, his profanity, his tobacco chewing—and Gleason was assigned to another picture.

Boyd added a few refinements of his own, notably the black cowboy suit to serve as a trademark. Then in 1937 he made an impressive discovery. When Mulford signed his contract, he carefully reserved television rights.

"I thought at the time," recalls Boyd, "if that meek little man had that clause put in his contract, he must have had a reason for it. I decided to follow suit."

Ultimately, Boyd purchased the TV rights of existing Hopalong pictures from Mulford, and arranged that on all future films they should revert to him. No one contested this, because television then was in what the movie makers presumed to be the distant future. Sherman's withdrawal as producer in 1945 did not bother Boyd too much, since he already had 54 Hoppy pictures completed.

Boyd produced a dozen more Hopalongs on his own. Then, in 1947, he quit production because

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Hopalong Cassidy's Creed

For American Boys and Girls

1. The highest badge of honor a person can wear is honesty. Be truthful at all times.
2. Your parents are the best friends you have. Listen to them and obey their instructions.
3. If you want to be respected, you must respect others. Show good manners in every way.
4. Only through hard work and study can you succeed. Don't be lazy.
5. Your good deeds always come to light. So don't boast or be a show-off.
6. If you waste time or money today, you will regret it tomorrow. Practice thrift in all ways.
7. Many animals are good and loyal companions. Be friendly and kind to them.
8. A strong, healthy body is a precious gift. Be neat and clean.
9. Our country's laws are made for your protection. Observe them carefully.
10. Children in many foreign lands are less fortunate than you. Be glad and proud you are an American.

of Hoppy's fading popularity. But television was coming on with a rush and Boyd knew it. In August, 1948, the first Hopalong movie was shown on a TV screen. And within a year, Boyd was well on his way to becoming a national hero.

Today, the man who used to feel cramped in a 22-room mansion is content in a servantless, four-room bungalow atop the Hollywood hills. Here he lives a simple life with the woman he married soon after he started the Hopalong series. Grace Bradley, a beautiful blonde, is the ideal Mrs. Cassidy. As a schoolgirl

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she wrote fan letters to Boyd, then a Paramount star. When Grace became a starlet herself, she finally caught up with her hero, then reduced in circumstances, and married him.

Grace hasn't done any acting since. Instead, she devotes all her time to Bill. The Boyds are a conspicuously devoted couple; after 13 years of marriage they still behave like honeymooners. They seldom go to parties or night clubs, and when Bill is on tour, Grace always accompanies him.

While the Boyds are happy that Hopalong has suddenly become more than Bill ever hoped for him, they also are a little overwhelmed by it all. How, for instance, is one to explain that fully a quarter of Cassidy's fan mail, now well over 2,000 letters a week, comes from such unlikely places as Malta, Gibraltar, India, Africa, China, Turkey, New Zealand, and the Fiji Islands? These are places where, obviously, there is no television and, in most cases, no comic strip.

The explanation may be that once a man sways the imagination of a people anywhere, the rest of the world will hear about it. About half the foreign mail comes from parents who want to know where they can buy Hopalong outfits. This is a problem for Boyd and his merchandising organization, who already have their hands full trying to take care of domestic consumers. However, they hope to open up the world market within a year.

It is the American mother who has had to bear the brunt of all this. Typical is the plight of one with a five-year-old son, Hank. Multiply her letter by a million or two and you have a reasonable idea of what happened when Hoppy invaded the American home:

> Dear Hopalong:
>
> My child is an avid fan of yours, with every other child in our 3,400-unit apartment project. However, my own enthusiasm has cooled somewhat due to complications that have arisen.
>
> In the first place, last winter I had a battle royal with my young'un every cold day. He flatly refused to wear a mackinaw because he'd never seen a cowboy in one. Spring, summer, and fall have their special *Hopalong clothes problems, too.*
>
> So I suggest you put on sale a set of photos—posed in short sleeves, shoes, mackinaws, raincoats, helmets, etc. I assure you if you had sets of these photos I would—with enthusiasm and delight—buy the first set. I should also be happy to buy Hopalong Cassidy raincoats, galoshes, ear muffs, winter coats, etc.
>
> However, just putting them on the market will *not* do the trick. Our younger generation must *see* their hero wearing these things before they will wear them willingly. After all, "Whoever heard of Hopalong Cassidy with *ear muffs* on!"

All Hopalong fan mail receives an answer of some kind, mostly an autographed photograph. But in urgent cases, such as those of hospitalized youngsters longing for some small attention from Hoppy, he invariably takes care of it himself.

One little Glendale, California, girl prayed for a month that Hoppy would come to her birthday party. Her mother apologetically wrote Boyd, begging him to answer the invitation. When Boyd actually arrived, resplendent in full Hopalong regalia, everyone was amazed except the little girl. She knew

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"Hoppy would come all the time."

With some 10,000,000 children ready to walk through cap-pistol fire for him, Boyd has been fishing around for some way to appease their hunger for closer contact with their idol. One prospective solution is the Hopalong Cassidy Bar 20 Ranch, which Boyd plans to open in Nevada next year. This will be run by professional educators as a sort of juvenile dude ranch.

Children everywhere will be invited to compete in a contest sponsored by the 150 newspapers carrying the Hopalong strip, for the privilege of spending two weeks there at Boyd's expense.

Boyd also hopes to devise a constructive program for his "Troopers Clubs." This organization now has almost 2,000,000 members, all of whom wear badges, know secret code words, and agree to be true to the principles of honesty and fair play. How to find time for them is one of the many problems which today are swamping the man who just a few years ago was a castoff from the entertainment world.

Everywhere Boyd goes he is mobbed. He learned what to expect last fall when he began the first of 25-city department-store tours, in which he ended up shaking hands with 1,000,000 people. Los Angeles' Broadway store was the first stop. When a howling mob of 55,000 showed up, special police were rushed to the scene. In New Orleans, Hoppy caused a riot.

Professional thinkers regard all this with a frankly fascinated eye. Why is Hopalong a colossal success? "Well," says a prominent sociologist, "he is more than a character. Today, with the world teetering on the brink of disaster, we instinctively reach out for some semblance of security. Hopalong reassures us, rightly or wrongly, that justice always triumphs."

Boyd himself says: "Hoppy has temporarily replaced the fireman, the engineer, and the policeman that kids used to want to grow up to be. Now they want to be riding the range on a good horse, cleaning up the badmen."

DeMille bears out his old protégé when he says: "The first thing my grandchildren want to know when an actor comes on the screen is this: 'Is he good or is he bad, Grandfather?' In a Hopalong picture they always know.

"Every kid needs a hero. Hopalong Cassidy takes the place of Buffalo Bill, Babe Ruth, Lindy, and all the rest. He is everything that young America admires and wants."

Enlarged reprints, suitable for framing, of "Hopalong Cassidy's Creed for American Boys and Girls," which appears on page 91, are available on heavy paper stock. Send 15 cents for each reprint, to cover the cost of postage, mailing, and handling. Address requests to Readers' Service Dept., Coronet Magazine, Coronet Bldg., Chicago 1, Ill.

There was a man who called a spade a spade—until he stumbled over one in the dark. —*The Anchor*

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Miracle at Scio

by FRANK SIEDEL

Lew Reese and the little Ohio town he revived are an object lesson in Americanism

CHANCES ARE the miracle at Scio, Ohio, will be remembered even if Opportunity becomes something you see your congressman about on your 21st birthday, and Security turns out to be a check that arrives every Friday in a franked envelope. In that event, the miracle will be remembered wistfully as an outstanding example of the exciting American past when the only thing guaranteed a man was freedom to work out his own destiny.

When Lew Reese was a jigger-man in a pottery at East Liverpool, Ohio, shaping clay around a mold with his hands, he got to wondering why no one had ever found a better way to do the job; why he was sitting before an ancient potter's wheel, shaping clay exactly as men had been doing it for 20 centuries.

During the long working hours, he began to create an imaginary machine to take the place of his hands. A mechanical arm dropped a precise amount of soft, wet clay into a mold, gently lowered the core, spun the mold, trimmed the edge, and released the raw bowl.

At first, Lew Reese's dream machine was crude, cumbersome, and slow. But gradually, as he thought up refinements, it became more efficient than his hands. One day he hooked up two machines to the same metal shafts and saw that two bowls could be made at the same time. He added more and more machines to longer and longer shafts, until his mind was making 200 or 300 bowls while his hands were making one.

Now Reese's education had ended at about the sixth grade, and while he was no stranger to machines, he had no idea how you put them down on paper. But there were night schools in East Liverpool, and he enrolled.

World War I interrupted his studies, until he was wounded, and

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then there was plenty of time to take them up again. When he got back to East Liverpool, Lew had rolls of blueprints describing in detail the world's first machine for mass-producing pottery tableware. Then he took them to his employer.

"With this one machine you can turn out 200 cups an hour," he explained eagerly. "Same with plates and bowls. And if we can make tableware this way, we could sell it for half of what we do now."

"Lew," the boss said, "what you're proposing has been tried over and over again. Some of the best engineering brains have worked on it, and they've given up. . . . But I tell you what I'll do. Tomorrow, suppose you report to the design department. They can use a man who's handy with a pen."

Lew shook his head. "No, thanks. I'm going to keep improving this machine. Some day, I'll prove it can be done."

"Even if it could, it'd only put you out of a job."

"No, it wouldn't," Lew said quietly, "because poor people who can't afford fancy dishes would like to enjoy the little comforts of life. Some day, I'll put chinaware on the poor man's table and there'll be more of us working for him than ever worked for you."

REESE WALKED OUT on his job, and spent several months trying vainly to sell his idea to various East Liverpool potteries. And so, reluctantly, he went back to his potter's wheel.

Ten years later, in 1930, the Depression had begun to bank the Ohio Valley's kiln fires. The case of Scio was typical. By 1932 it was on its way to becoming a ghost town: population had shrunk from 1,200 to 400. At the Scio pottery, windows were broken, roofs sagging.

Then, one day, the unemployed Reese went hunting in the hills around Scio. The trail took him past the abandoned pottery. Lew thought of the plans in his bureau drawer, and of the little town slowly strangling to death. He stepped inside the building.

The conveyors were rusty, but sound enough. The kiln linings were cracked, but from four of them a fellow could salvage one. The clay mixers were frozen, but grease would fix that. An hour later Lew Reese, still in hunting jacket and boots, stormed through the streets of Scio and disappeared into the bank.

"I know you aren't extending credit these days," Lew shouted, "but if you just sit here and rot, you're gonna go busted anyway."

A few minutes later, Lew was in the doctor's office. "If you want to do something that'll cure all your patients at once," he said firmly, "you'll go along with me."

Then Lew was on the phone, talking to a tax officer at the county seat. "All right, so there's back taxes of $3,600. And do you suppose you're gonna get it by just sitting there?"

Meanwhile, the word had spread through Scio, and every able-bodied citizen, it seemed, had gathered in front of the bank. Lew stood on the steps, and his big, rough voice carried to the fringes of the crowd. "I don't want any money. I know you haven't got it. But you got something else! You got pride and you're willing to work. I'll get the stuff we need, if

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you'll pitch in and help. Anybody with me?"

Thanksgiving week, all of Scio turned out to lend a hand. The banker was there in overalls, and so were the minister, the doctor, the dentist, the school principal. Lew and six volunteers worked night and day repairing machinery, rebuilding kilns, scouring junk yards for wheels and gears and shafts.

When they finally got the machine together, it wasn't automatic and didn't replace very many hands; but it was efficient enough to produce simple whiteware at a low cost. Then Lew thumbed his way to Chicago to see the buyer for a large chain of retail stores.

"I want an order for a carload of cups and saucers and plates, to be paid for on delivery. It won't cost much, and it'll be something new, something for people to bring home and talk about."

Reese got his order.

When the first payroll at Scio fell due on February 23, 1933, Reese's cash balance was exactly 11 cents. But 20 men put up $100 apiece, and that crisis was over.

They got out the first carload and sent it to Chicago. There was an immediate reorder. The profits financed a sales expedition to the leading retailers of the country, and Lew came back with enough orders to finish out the year at full capacity. And when the year was over, the Scio pottery had sold $331,000 worth of its plain, respectable merchandise.

WITHIN A FEW YEARS, the pottery had become one of the most efficient in the industry. Its products were far superior in quality to the former handmade items and the cost to the consumer had been cut in half. Sales reached $3,000,000 in 1945, and the 800 employees divided a $350,000 bonus. Next year, the bonus was $750,000. Magazines and newspapers from coast to coast hailed the story of Scio as a miracle of American enterprise.

The real miracle, however, was still a year away. On the afternoon of December 11, 1947, Lew Reese was in Pittsburgh. In an obscure corner of the sprawling pottery, smoke drifted upward from a conveyor-belt motor. Suddenly there was a blue flash: flame leaped toward the ceiling. In an hour, Reese's little Utopia was a mass of rubble and twisted steel.

Everyone asked the same question. Was the pottery insured? Only Lew knew that it wasn't. He had never found an underwriter who would take the risk.

Lew's friends at Scio put in a call to Pittsburgh. "We've decided to give it to you straight," they said. "You're wiped out. Fire. Gotta start from scratch."

"Anybody hurt?" asked Lew.

"No."

"All right. Be right back."

No one said a word when Lew drove up to the smoldering ruins, took one long look, turned, and walked briskly out the gate.

At sunrise next morning, there was a strange procession through the streets of Scio. It seemed as though half of the 1,200 inhabitants were pushing wheelbarrows and the other half were carrying shovels. The minister marched beside the tavern keeper, the mayor was teamed with the constable. The miracle at Scio was under way.

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Meanwhile, word of the disaster had flashed across the nation, and great wheels were turning everywhere. At the Weirton Steel Corporation in West Virginia, word went out to hold up all shipments until there was news from Scio.

In the New York offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a terse order was sent down the line. If there was a car for Scio, it was to be hooked onto any train that went through, regardless of schedules.

At the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, a wire went to Scio: "Have fifty spare fractional horsepower motors. Tell us what you want." At the G. C. Murphy Co. in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, 50 dozen pairs of canvas gloves and 50 pairs of rubber boots were dispatched to the workers at Scio.

In New York, a meeting was called of whiteware buyers for Woolworth's, Kresge's, McCrory's, Murphy's, and others. In an hour a check for $50,000 worth of whiteware was offered to Scio. Delivery? Any time it could be made.

And at Scio, in a temporary field office, Lew Reese was swamped with letters, telegrams, and phone calls. The people of New Martinsville, West Virginia, had held a rally, bought 2,000 building blocks and sent them to Scio. Campbell Soup was sending a truckload of assorted varieties. National Biscuit Company trucks were on the way. A. & P. was sending coffee, hot dogs, and other food items.

Meanwhile, church ladies in the counties around Scio had organized brigades to work around the clock, preparing food for the workers at Scio. Three machine shops in the area canceled all orders and put on double shifts to make parts for Reese's machines. Scio pottery competitors got together and stood by to send anything Reese needed, from raw clay to skilled help. And in Washington, both Ohio Senators cut the red tape of war assets disposal so Lew could have anything he needed.

On the afternoon of February 13, 1948, two months after the fire, the pottery was back in business.

Perhaps it's a little early yet to assign the miracle at Scio its proper place in history. But it is safe to say that it will probably be remembered for a long time as an outstanding example of the virile, exciting American past, when the only thing guaranteed a man was freedom to work out his own destiny.

Correct Time

A MAN HAD CALLED the telephone office every day for about four years at about 11 o'clock to get the exact time.

The telephone girls finally became curious and resolved to find out why the regularity. The man explained: "I am the custodian here at the factory, and it is my duty to blow the whistle every day at exactly 12 o'clock. So I call you to get the exact time."

The girls began to laugh. "This is funny—we have been setting our clock by your whistle all the time!" —The REV. G. G. CANFIELD (*Sunshine*)

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Grin and

DURING THE TAKING of the last census, many enumerators had difficulty identifying themselves to suspicious housewives. But not this particular man, whose knock on the door of a Maryland home was answered by the lady of the house.

"Who are you?" she snapped.

"I'm the census taker, madam."

"Oh, yes—the man who's increasing the population," she said cordially. "Come right in."

—C. F. MARTIN

HE WAS A YOUNGISH Congressman with a rather old-fashioned, strait-laced wife a few years his senior, and this was his first really swank dinner party. On his right sat his sedate mate, while on his left was a gorgeous debutante in extreme decolleté.

Upon such loveliness so boldly displayed the young politician could only gawk in dumb admiration. Suddenly he felt a sharp jab in his ribs and his wife's voice hissed: "Henry! For goodness sake, speak to the woman or they'll think she's your wife!" —STEPHEN TEMPLETON

"WHAT'S THE MATTER?" asked the police captain, as the park policeman came in with a rather disgruntled look on his face.

"It's Mrs. Dinwiddie who donated the birdbath, sir. She just called in to say that it wasn't to be used by sparrows." —*Swing*

A MAN WHO HAD survived a shipwreck near a popular Mediterranean resort was relating his adventures at a dinner party shortly afterward. He told of the storm which struck without warning; and of how his wife, clinging desperately to a rope, was washed overboard. The guests listened breathlessly.

"All this time," he went on, "the wind was increasing, the skies were growing blacker and blacker, and the boat was being driven toward those jagged cliffs just below the Carter place . . ."

"By the way," interposed the lady on his left with a bright expression of interest, "how *are* the Carters?" —FRANCES ROLMAN

DISPLAYING her wedding gifts, the bride came to one from the groom's Army buddy. "I just adore these personalized gifts," she said. "We received towels and washcloths with HIS and HERS on them, but," she blushed, "this is even more personal."

And she held up an olive-drab blanket with the letters US stamped in the middle. —*Pine Echoes*

HE BOUGHT ONE of those new multicolored shirts, and on paper pinned to the inside found the name and address of a girl with this message: "Please write and send a photo."

Saying to himself, "Ah, here is romance!" he wrote the girl, enclosing his picture.

In due time an answer came. With heart aflutter he opened the

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envelope and read: "I was just curious to find out what kind of looking fellow would wear such a funny shirt." —Jameson Jones

An old gentleman slipped on the stair of a subway station and started sliding toward the bottom. Halfway down he collided with a lady, knocking her on top of him, and they continued on their way together.

After they had reached the bottom, the lady, still dazed, continued to sit on the gentleman's chest. Looking up at her, he hinted politely: "I'm sorry, madam, but this is as far as I go." —*Ties*

Jeff came in hot and dirty from the yard, where he'd been playing cowboy-and-Indians with the neighborhood boys. Stopping in front of his father's chair, he wiped his brow and said ruefully: "You know, Daddy, I'm awfully tired of being a cowboy. Cowboys have horses, but I have to do all my own galloping." —*The Haight Accelerator*

One of those oafs who get away with smoking on busses because the operator is too busy to come back and slap his ears was riding the Bradford Loop bus in Haverhill, Massachusetts. This smoker was sitting beside a demure little old lady who was knitting, and the smoke from his cigarette was drifting into her eyes.

At first she looked hard at him and said nothing. But as the air currents carried every mouthful of smoke into her face, she politely asked the dolt to desist. He ignored her. Her lips forming a straight line of determination, she reached into her knitting bag.

Then, while the smoker was gazing out the window, she moved her arm down and, with a small pair of scissors, snipped off the lighted end of his cigarette.

—Joe Harrington

Three neatly dressed elderly women were having dinner in the dining room of one of the leading hotels in Honolulu. One of the women had just returned from a recent visit to the States and was telling of a conversation she had had with one of her friends of girlhood days.

Visiting with this friend, she said, "And now you are a grandmother."

The friend replied, "Yes, quite a few times."

"Well, tell me about your grandchildren."

Solemnly the friend replied, "Well, first tell me how much time you have." —Milo M. Whitlatch

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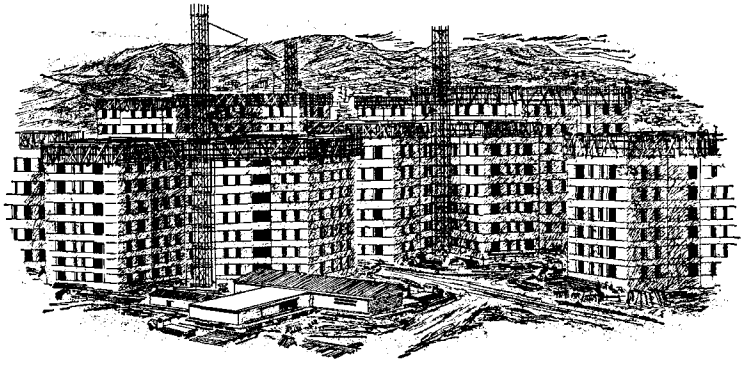
Real Estate with a Vision



by NORMAN CARLISLE

From coast to coast, farseeing men have given Americans a richer pattern of life

IN MISSOURI, a man stood looking over the ugly expanse of a city dump. But he didn't see the rusting cans, the heaps of rubbish. What he saw, instead, was a city of incomparable beauty where people would live in gardened houses along sweeping drives.

It was a wild dream, yet amazingly he made it come true. Today, on the site of that dump, there is a city where 50,000 people live in a parklike atmosphere.

In California, another man walked through a sun-baked barley patch and looked down a dusty country road. "Here," he said, "is the place for the most beautiful shopping street in the world." Another dream, but it, too, came true. That dirt road is now a fabulous stretch of boulevard, the "Fifth Avenue of the West."

In New York City, a third man studied the monotonous piles of brick and stone that rose above the paving. "Do city apartments have to be like that?" he asked himself. "Why can't we have trees and lawns and children's playgrounds right here in Manhattan?" Though he was old and ready to retire, he rolled up his sleeves and turned another great dream into reality.

These men were called crazy idealists, yet they lived to see their visions show the way to better living for everyone in America. Some were real-estate men who saw beyond mere subdivisions, some were builders who found better ways to build homes, others were businessmen who dared to invest huge sums in a new kind of enterprise.

Take the story of that fabulous city that grew from a dump. People always did say that young Jesse Clyde Nichols had a lot of ideas. Even as a youngster growing up near Kansas City, Missouri, he

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used to say that he didn't think much of the way the city looked.

Of course, nobody took it very seriously, even when he went to Harvard and wrote his thesis on theories of land development, or when he went to Europe and studied the way towns were laid out.

His friends said he had better think about going into some solid business, but the young man was stubborn. As a starter, he talked some Olathe, Kansas, farmers into putting up $21,500 to help him build small homes in Kansas City. Success there was enough to convince Nichols that his ideas really would work. Scraping up all his money, he bought ten acres of land across the river in Missouri, near what had once been a Kansas City dump.

Here he proposed to start something brand-new in America, a city within a city. Nichols pictured homes of beauty on sweeping curved roadways, and a shopping center in which the buildings would not look like business structures, but more like fine public buildings. This, mind you, was in 1905, when ugly red-brick buildings were springing up all over the country.

With his partner, John Cyrus Taylor, Nichols plunged into developing the ten acres. Working at building sidewalks by day, he and Taylor had energy left to sell lots at night. Enough people were impressed by his vision to keep the enterprise going. Soon the ten acres became a hundred, then a thousand. But even that was not the end.

Today, Nichols' Country Club District is a magic city where 50,000 people live on 5,000 acres with 10,000 homes and apartments. In it are 17 schools, 15 churches, four golf courses, as well as a multi-million-dollar shopping center in which the buildings look just as Nichols said they should look.

ONE OF THE MOST remarkable building projects ever undertaken is rising on the green slopes of 2,400 rolling acres outside Chicago. When it is completed, a great new city of 30,000 people will have magically appeared, to provide breath-taking new vistas of the kind of living that will set the pace for the future.

Park Forest, as the new city is called, first took shape in the wistful thoughts of Carroll F. Sweet, Sr. Disappointed because he had never been able to fight for his country—he had been too young for the Spanish-American War and too old for World Wars I and II—Sweet felt that he could help make up for that by developing a beautiful city for veterans.

Sweet went to his associate, Nathan Manilow, a shrewd, big-time builder who had already turned out thousands of homes. "Too big to handle," was Manilow's first comment. "Too hard to find that much land."

But Sweet was persistent, and somehow, after endless secret negotiations with hundreds of individual property owners, he and Manilow did acquire 2,400 acres of green countryside south of Chicago. By that time, Manilow had poured a million dollars into the enterprise and still all they had was the land.

Speculators offered Manilow a cool million profit for the property. Instead, he and Sweet brought in new associates, formed American

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Community Builders, and began planning the "perfect" city.

Only 11 per cent of the land was marked for buildings. All the rest would be sweeping lawns, park areas, playgrounds, and parking places. Even the buildings in the shopping center would be surrounded by green areas.

Soon the acres were echoing to the roar of bulldozers, the snarl of saws, and the pounding of hammers. It turned out that the enormous task of assembling the millions of bricks, the forests of lumber, the mass of machinery, and the armies of men to build a complete city was only one part of the job. There were all sorts of complex human problems, too.

For instance, how many churches should they have, what denominations should they be, and where located? The builders put it up to the churches themselves. Representatives of all faiths met and picked their spots.

How many grocery stores would it take to serve 30,000 people? How many automobiles would there be in Park Forest—hence, how many service stations? And then there was the matter of industry.

True, at the start, most people in the new community would commute to Chicago—but later on, shouldn't there be jobs for them right in their own town? The answer was to set aside 475 acres for future industries, and to start negotiations with various firms that might locate there.

A LITTLE MORE THAN a decade ago, the business world was rocked by what was then a startling announcement: the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was going to invest millions of its policyholders' money in a new venture. The company was to become a landlord on a colossal scale, for it proposed to build a city within a city, a vast assemblage of garden-type apartment buildings that would house nearly 40,000 people.

Behind this epochal decision was the determination of a man who has supervised the investment of more private capital than any other man in history. He was Frederick H. Ecker, who started out as an office boy at Metropolitan and eventually became chairman of the board of directors and president of the multimillion-dollar enterprise that makes Metropolitan the biggest company in the country.

In 1936, Ecker outlined a bold plan to his directors. The Metropolitan, he thought, should buy an immense tract of land right in New York City, and hire the best architects to design a city of apartment buildings, surrounded by lawns and trees and gardens.

The scope of such a project sounded fantastic, but Metropolitan officials agreed to investigate. Amazingly, the facts proved that it really could be done. The result was Parkchester, with its 58 buildings, 12,272 apartments, 42,000 rooms, its department stores, banks, and shops. And most amazing of all, its beautiful grounds with 3,700 trees, 335,000 plants, and 22 recreational areas.

Ecker's grandiose dream proved so practical that soon Metropolitan was building such great projects as its Park LaBrea in Los Angeles, and Parkmerced in San Francisco. Soon, too, other great projects like Stuy-

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vesant Town were rising in New York City, financed by insurance-company money.

The men who "invent" cities don't limit their ingenuity to planning better places for people to live. They have also been busy dreaming up places for people to shop. They are all based on one big compelling fact: Americans shop by automobile. Right there, you have the idea behind one of the most fabulous developments of all, the incredible "Miracle Mile" in Los Angeles.

Just 30 years ago, A. W. Ross, a successful real-estate man with offices in downtown Los Angeles, went for a drive in the country. His route took him out along a wandering dirt road, through flat countryside baking in the withering sun. Though it already bore the name Wilshire Boulevard, only a man of incredible optimism could have seen any possibilities in this country lane.

Back in his office, Ross unrolled a map of Los Angeles County. Somewhere along that dirt road, he reasoned, was a magic strip that could almost literally be paved with gold. As Ross saw it, the automobile age was just starting. More and more people were going to drive along Wilshire Boulevard on their way to outlying communities.

Los Angeles itself was going to push its boundaries westward. What Ross saw in a flash of vision was that people were going to drive to do their shopping.

Carefully, he measured miles on that map and reached a conclusion: at the intersection of Wilshire Boulevard and LaBrea Avenue, another dirt road that served some oil wells in the vicinity, was the place to put stores and shops. Ross purchased 18 acres for $54,000. "You won't get your money back for 50 years!" a friend predicted.

But fantastic things began to happen. Another friend was stunned when he learned that the money he had entrusted to Ross had been invested in a barley patch. He got the surprise of his life when Ross told him the corner lot purchased on his behalf for $7,500 had already been resold for $110,000. Officials of one company just laughed when Ross offered them a piece of property at $6,000. Later they came back and paid $600,000 for it!

Ross' vision had been so completely accurate that businessmen could not escape the logic of moving their stores to this new kind of shopping center. The growth was sensational. In 1924, there were just ten retail shops in the development. Five years later, 108 stores had been built. One day Ross was talking enthusiastically to a friend about its possibilities.

"You make it sound like a miracle mile!" the friend remarked.

Ross pounced on that. "Miracle Mile? What a name!" he exclaimed. And Miracle Mile it turned out to be. Today, giant buildings tower along the golden reaches of this Fifth Avenue of the West.

THERE IS MORE THAN ONE way to create a dream city. Just a few years ago, Aspen, a little town deep in the Colorado Rockies, was slumbering, its glory a thing of the past. Once a roaring mining metropolis with 15,000 people, it became a ghost town with a population of a few hundred when the silver boom collapsed in 1893.

In the years that followed, it

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was visited by a few ski enthusiasts, and local citizens rigged up a small ski lift, but it was still a forgotten village with apparently no future. Then, during the war, the Army stationed its 10th Mountain Division at near-by Leadville. Among the men was a sergeant named Friedl Pfeifer. When he saw Aspen, he gasped with amazement.

"The closest thing in America to Switzerland!" he exclaimed.

He and other skiers of the 10th called on the town council and worked out a plan for postwar ski development. They didn't know where the money was coming from, but Aspen needed a big ski run and the crumbling town needed rehabilitating. But right there the matter stopped, because the 10th was sent overseas and Pfeifer himself was seriously injured.

Meanwhile, a Chicago executive, Walter Paepcke, dropped into Aspen. He was overwhelmed by the beauty of its setting and its possibilities as a ski center. What was being done about it, he asked. They told him about Pfeifer and his plans. Where was Pfeifer? In a hospital somewhere.

Paepcke's scouts were coming back with breath-taking reports about Aspen's possibilities. Within 20 miles of the place were 1,000 miles of trout streams. Right above it towered no less than seven peaks, each more than 14,000 feet high, each ideal for skiing.

With this report, Paepcke flew out to talk to Pfeifer, whom he had discovered in a California hospital. Together the two enthusiastically drew up plans to build the world's longest ski lift and start rehabilitating the town. The city would have to be replanned, old buildings refurbished, new ones designed.

Paepcke's vision is of a different kind of an American city, one offering an outdoor life along with rich cultural opportunities.

"It can be a pattern for richer American living," he says fervently.

To the hundreds of enthusiastic people flocking to the new community that is rising in the vanished glory of the old, this seems to be a sound prediction.

Caught in the Rush

A DEPARTMENT-STORE Santa Claus was heard to ask a small boy what he would like for Christmas. "If it's all the same to you," the boy answered gravely, "I'd like to have the cash!" —A. B. CEEDY

DISGRUNTLED Christmas shopper to companion: "I get so sick and tired of giving people things I can't afford to buy for myself!" —ELEANOR CLARAGE

IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT: "Mother, will you hold my chewing gum while I go and talk to Santa Claus?" —*Ayrograms*

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"King of the Monkeys"

by E. C. ALBRIGHT

Henry Trefflich is a great admirer of the chattering simians he imports and sells

POLICE OF NEW YORK'S Greenwich Street Station are probably the most adept monkey-chasing bluecoats in the country. They have pursued scampering simians over rooftops, up and down fire escapes, in and out of taverns, through skylights, into cellars.

All this because within their precinct lies the "monkey capital of the world," the four-story building on Fulton Street housing monkey importer Henry Trefflich and his hundreds of chattering gibbons, chimpanzees, marmosets and rhesus monks. Through Trefflich's doors in the past 18 years have passed more than 300,000 simians, a monkey equivalent of the entire human population of Atlanta.

Since Trefflich started his business in 1931, police have been called a dozen times to track down his animals on the loose. Recently an escaped chimpanzee panicked a near-by barbershop by leapfrogging over the heads of barbers and landing flat on the face of a snoozer under a hot towel.

That was a mild escapade compared to the time 100 monkeys staged a break and in a few minutes were tumbling through open windows, swarming over typewriters, barging into stores. Some raced into a firehouse to swing from the engines and slide down poles; some ambled into a tavern and sampled startled customers' drinks; others flocked into a church and quickly disrupted choir practice.

This kind of monkey business is part of the price Trefflich must pay for the title the newspapers gave him, "Monkey King of America." A slender, sandy-haired man in the early forties, he is probably the largest monkey dealer in the

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world, importing them from India, Africa, Brazil, and Siam, and selling them to many leading zoos, carnivals and traveling shows.

"I can tell a chimp's IQ from the shape of his face," he says. "The smart ones have high foreheads and high cheekbones."

Trefflich has supplied "highbrow" chimps to universities for use in psychological studies; ape families to psychiatrists seeking the reasons for "anxiety patterns" and sleeplessness in humans; and animals for medical research.

Since 1939, the "Monkey King" has sent exploring parties into French Equatorial Africa and the Belgian Congo which have brought back some 20 gorillas. He sold a pair to the Bronx Zoo for $7,000. They then weighed less than 30 pounds each. Now the male, Makoko, checks in at 415 pounds, and Oka, his ten-year-old expected spouse, weighs a demure 285.

The couple appears to be affectionate, and Trefflich is looking forward eagerly to 1951 or 1952, when they will be old enough to mate. He wants the honor of having imported the parents of the first gorilla born in captivity.

Trefflich sells almost 100 monkeys a month as household pets—and insists they make good ones. Contrary to popular opinion, he says, the African green, ringtail, marmoset, and woolly monkeys are clean, not smelly.

The rhesus is odoriferous but it is also more intelligent. "It makes a better watchdog than a watchdog," Trefflich contends. He once sold a rhesus to an elderly woman who lived alone.

"The monkey grew as affectionate as a child," he recalls, "but it would leap on anyone who tried to molest its mistress."

Trefflich, born in Germany, comes by monkey-dealing naturally, for he was himself the son of an animal importer. While still in his teens, he came to this country and eventually established a wholesale pet business. But he specialized in simians to such an extent that of the $250,000 gross business he does annually, he estimates $200,000 comes from monkeys.

Before World War II, a shopper could walk into his retail department and acquire a six-pound rhesus monkey, inoculated against rabies and guaranteed in good health, for $7.50. Today a similar animal costs $25. Chimpanzees run around $750; a baby orangutan costs probably $2,000; and baby gorillas about $9,000 a pair.

"Monkeys can teach humans a lot," Trefflich says. "In the jungle, monkeys live happily among themselves. They rarely fight. They don't pick on each other. And are they smart! They see me growing old with worry, and what do they do? They just sit in their cages, grinning!"

Out of the Fog (Answers to quiz on page 45)

1. FlavOrinG; 2. FoOlinG; 3. FoOtGear; 4. FrOwninG; 5. FOreleG; 6. FlOwerinG; 7. FloOrinG; 8. FOliaGe; 9. FOundlinG; 10. FOuGht; 11. FurlOnG; 12. FlOatinG; 13. FloOdGate; 14. FOrthriGht; 15. FrOntaGe; 16. FOrGive; 17. FrOstinG; 18. FOreiGn; 19. FiredOG; 20. FavOrinG.

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SUPER-WEAPONS to Stop the Enemy

by MAJ. GEN. EVERETT S. HUGHES, U.S.A. (Ret.)

(Former Chief of Army Ordnance)

U. S. inventive genius is outdoing itself to produce the best of fighting equipment

IN THESE DAYS of war crisis, the American public asks three vital questions of the U. S. military establishment. Are our defenses ready to protect the nation's families and homes from an attack by enemy bombers? Do our men in the armed services have better battlefield weapons than in World War II? How does our over-all military equipment shape up with that of the enemy?

As former Chief of Army Ordnance, I can say the weapons are ready, but that Uncle Sam still needs time to put the tremendous war production of the U. S. into high gear.

From secret take-off points, the enemy can dispatch planes that travel ten miles while a man on the ground holds a breath. They will be flying out of sight, out of hearing —streaking through the stratosphere so swiftly that no human could compute their altitude, direction, and other factors necessary for accurate antiaircraft fire.

But the enemy planes will not be out of sight or hearing if our "Skysweepers" have been produced in sufficient quantity to guard America's boundaries. Basically, the Skysweeper is a new, mobile antiaircraft gun, but it does things no other gun ever did before, and does them better than any man, or group of men, could possibly do.

It has eyes—electronic eyes—which can see enemy bombers while they are still scores of miles away. It traces them, determining their course, altitude, and speed more rapidly than any mathematical genius could do it. It computes, instantly, the exact spot in the sky where a shell must be to meet the oncoming plane. And it has an automatic loader which enables the gun to squirt shells so quickly that they are like a stream of steel rushing from a hose.

Then the shell takes over. It leaves the gun wearing invisible feelers like a cat's whiskers. A tiny transmitter inside sends out radio-frequency waves which flash ahead, "feeling" for the target. When they determine that the shell has reached its most deadly range, the missile triggers itself and explodes. No tiny pilot, riding to his own suicide within the shell, could hit the target more accurately.

Even more amazing, should a group of our own planes, racing to intercept, fly within range of the Skysweeper, *the gun knows the differ-*

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ence and holds its fire. I would like to tell you how this is done, but it is a military secret.

The electronic sending and receiving station which does the thinking for the shell is no larger than a half-pint bottle. The U. S. spent more than $300,000,000 to develop the shell, and each one costs $35 to $100. When it first went into action against the V-1 bombs which were terrorizing London late in World War II, it struck them down in flight. Now today, as the "VT Fuse," it is ready to stop the jet-propelled, high-flying planes and missiles of aggressors.

Just as the Skysweeper has been brought to a high degree of efficiency, so have other weapons been improved tremendously over their ancestors of World War II. The German V-2 was an instrument of terror because it was like a fast-ball pitcher with little control. It was effective, but no one—not even the man who aimed it—knew where it was going to land. Today, U. S. military and civilian science has gone far beyond the Germans with this aerial monster. Electronics has made the rockets much more accurate. Radar gives the velocity and location of the missile during its supersonic flights. When radar messages are fed to a control box, "commands" are transmitted to a jam-proof receiver in the missile, where an electromechanic steering device changes the course.

All this, mind you, takes place inside a rocket scorching through the heavens at some 3,000 miles per hour!

Aggressive development of surface-to-surface and surface-to-air missiles reached the first milestone in 1945. In that year, the "WAC Corporal"—a military rocket—was launched with liquid fuel. Then came 1947 and another milestone when the "Corporal E" distinguished itself as America's first missile to travel faster than sound.

The next great step was taken the day a man-made object was sent higher and faster into the heavens than anything since the beginning of time. Army Ordnance built into the nose of a large rocket a smaller one, calculating that when the combination got going, the smaller rocket would be "bumped" on its way. The plan succeeded, and in 1949 the announcement came from White Sands Proving Ground that a height of 250 miles had been reached at a speed of about 5,000 miles an hour.

These research missiles were steps in the Army's work on secret tactical weapons. Now it can be told that Ordnance has in the final stages of development surface-to-air guided missiles to provide defense against the most modern high-speed, high-altitude aircraft, as well as against surface-to-surface guided missiles. All can be controlled from the ground, and all have greater accuracy and efficiency than the German rockets.

THE NORTH KOREANS' Russian-made tanks ran wild during the first few weeks of their drive. American ammunition bounced off their tough armor like bird shot.

One day a GI took steady aim, pulled the trigger on his new 3.5

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The Navy's 22-Day "Miracle Rocket"

WHILE THE ARMY'S 3.5 bazooka smashes Soviet-built tanks on the ground, a revolutionary new antitank aircraft rocket now is being produced by Uncle Sam. The Ram, an air-launched missile, rips its way through more than 12 inches of solid steel.

As dramatic as the weapon itself is the speed with which it was developed at the Naval Ordnance Test Station, Inyokern, California, and shipped to Korea within 22 days after technicians first tackled the problem.

First, Washington became disturbed when U. S. rockets began bouncing off the North Korean tanks. What was needed was a penetrating warhead that would fuse into a molten spearpoint of fire and steel, within a fraction of a second after it made contact with enemy armor.

Big problem was a fuse for the rocket. For days technicians labored at drawing boards; then, finally, the project moved from blueprint to machine shop. And the fuse was produced.

The new fuse fits into a 6.5 shaped chargehead that can be attached to the standard 5-inch high-velocity aircraft rocket. Set off by the fuse mechanism, the blast collapses the warhead to form a fiery jet that eats through steel. Then the charge itself follows, pouring hot metal and terrific heat into the tank's interior.

bazooka, and the picnic was over. As soon as more of these new bazookas arrived in Korea, the moving fortresses which had nearly driven our troops into the sea were sitting ducks.

Ten years ago, a gun which would penetrate the same five inches of tank armor weighed about 30,000 pounds, cost nearly $40,000, and needed a crew of several men. It was clumsy, and impossible to use in uneven terrain. It did not have the fire power of this amazing new bazooka, an outgrowth of studies made years ago by an American named Munroe and a German named Foerster, along with other scientists.

The bazooka rocket does its job because these men found that if the front end of a projectile's explosive charge is shaped like an inverted cone, and the cone is lined with thin metal, the detonation of the charge collapses the cone into a long thin jet, which flies out ahead at a velocity of six miles a second. At this astronomical speed, the jet forces its way through armor plate just as water from a hose penetrates a wall of mud.

ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, a 37-millimeter gun was actually a one-ton cannon which required a squad of several men to operate it. Today, America's recoilless 57 mm. weapon weighs 44 pounds and can be fired from the shoulder. The shell weighs nearly three pounds and travels 4,300 yards, with even greater velocity than the shell from the monster rifle of not so long ago.

The difference in weight and material is possible because of a

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new method of dissipating recoil. The old 37 mm. gun had an expensive and costly recoil device called a "recuperator." Since then, the ordnance engineer has built vents into the breechblock so that part of the explosive gases can escape. This permits the cannon to be fired from the shoulder—although, in ordinary practice, the weapon is rested on sturdy metal legs.

And now I come to that much-criticized American tank. Some "experts" seek to belittle it by singling out one factor and showing that, in this particular, it is "inferior" to the enemy's tank.

The design of any tank must consider the gun weight to be carried, the power of the engine needed to propel the vehicle through mud, sand, and snow, the number of rounds of ammunition to be stored, the ease of servicing in the field, and, quite important, the safety of the crew. No tank is of much value if its crew is easily killed or wounded, a factor that the U. S. weighs seriously, thus creating an additional problem for the tank designer.

Today, a new family of American tanks is ready to take the field. They are faster, more durable, better protected, carry guns of higher velocity and greater fire power than ever before. They have better engines, and are easier to maintain in the field. In addition, this new family can be produced more rapidly than ever before, since all three types—light, medium, and heavy—have many interchangeable parts.

Constructive criticism of weapons is always needed. However, when "experts" criticize our 3.5-inch bazooka because it must be fired at comparatively close range, we should be thankful for any weapon that will stop Korean tanks at any range. Actually, the new bazooka and its amazing ammunition are a symbol of America's ability to overcome the difficulty of co-ordinating civilian, military, and industrial operation to produce a sensational weapon.

No one regrets more than military men the diversion of civilian time, effort, and brains from peace to war. However, if war must come, the U. S. will be supplied with a wide variety of weapons that we can use with confidence and telling effect. And that is the best key to victory in these days of sudden aggression.

A GROUP OF TOURISTS newly arrived at a Swiss inn decided to climb a comparatively small mountain near-by and insisted upon their right to the services of the guide employed by the hotel. When the party assembled they were dressed for the occasion and burdened down with mountain-climbing equipment. The guide approached one of the tourists who was carrying a heavy rope. Pointing to the rope, he asked gravely: "You are going to skip, yes?" —RONALD CHRISTIAN

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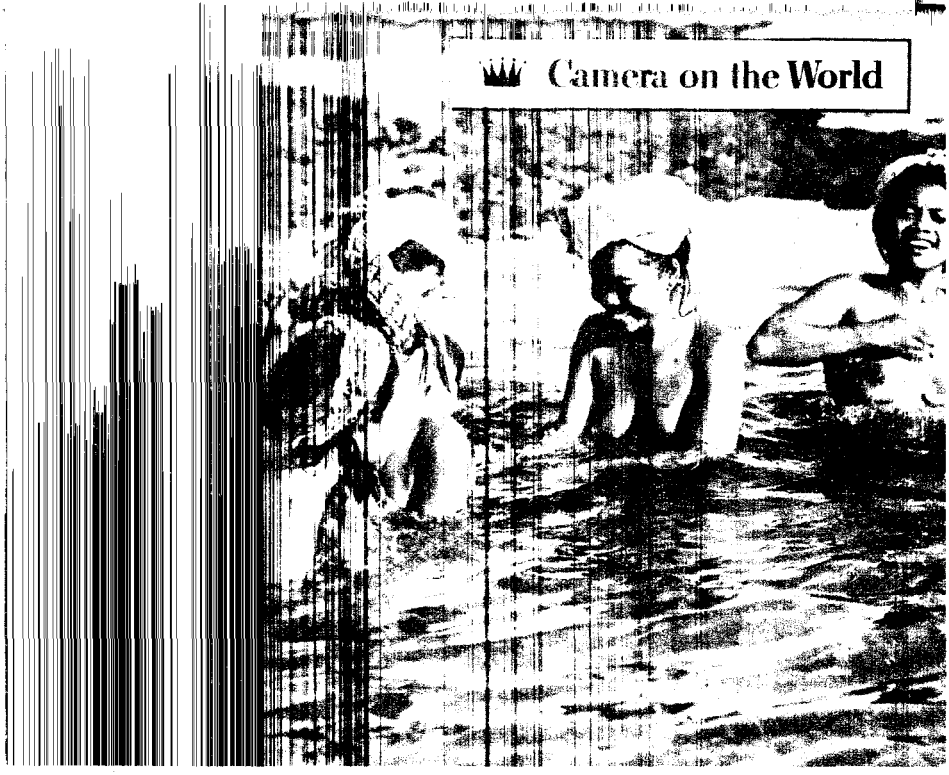

EXOTIC Bali, ISLE OF BEAUTY

CAUGHT in the turmoil of modern Asia, the fabled island of Bali, long a mecca of Western tourists, has succeeded in maintaining a precarious balance. The rigid-minded Japanese, who occupied Bali briefly, have departed with their dreams of empire, and their successors—gangs of native bandits, styling themselves the patriots of a new republic—have also retired, their work apparently accomplished. Neither, in fact, managed to do more than ruffle the surface of Bali's serenity. Now the old customs, which have earned the Balinese his reputation of being the earth's happiest inhabitant, have quietly reasserted themselves.

In a climate of eternal summer, the natives of this enchanted place pursue a way of life as removed from what we term "the strug-

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The Dutch ordered Balinese women to wear blouses, but the rule was honored more in the breach than in observance.

A standard feature of men's dress is a batik headcloth, each one tied in a style to suit the wearer's own special taste.

gle for existence" as a ballet is from a battle. Today they are once more growing to manhood, mating, tending their rich rice fields, and enjoying themselves, much as their ancestors did a long time before the Westerners developed muskets, let alone atomic bombs.

The secret of this island people's quiet strength—and of their happiness—is this: they are never alone, never unfriended. A typical Balinese belongs to his village, as a hand or foot belongs to a human body, and his village is as much a living organism as he is. Nearly all he does—sitting in council, working in the fields, even taking his deeply satisfying pleasures—is done with an eye to the common good. As a consequence, he scarcely ever can be found in either of those two lonely professions, bachelorhood and thievery. The greatest penalty that can be meted out to him is ostracism, the equivalent among us of death by hanging, and to merit that he must have committed the great crime of refusing to cooperate.

But to submit to the overlordship of a village is one thing, to that of princes and foreign potentates, another. The men and women of Bali never have made good slaves, or even good servants in the Western sense. They are much too independent—despite their highly developed community feelings; much too sophisticated—despite their apparent primitiveness.

When they were ruled by the Dutch, they used to amuse themselves by decorating temple walls with wicked caricatures of portly Hollanders, riding bicycles and cranking motor cars.

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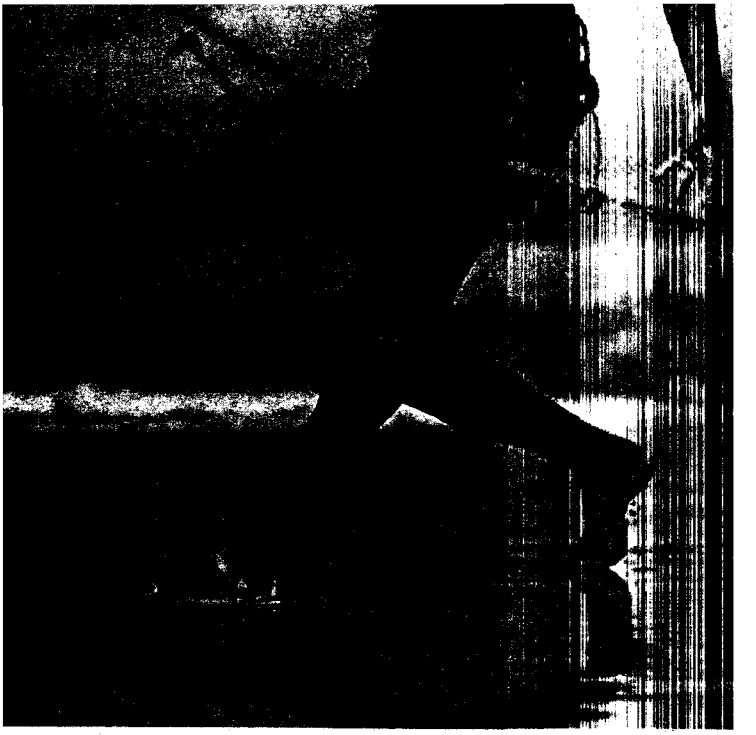

Mistrusting the sea, the Balinese confine fishing to shoreline net-casting and expeditions in search of giant sea tur-

tles, which form the staple o
ligious feasts. Bathing, as a ru
in the island's inland pools

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This daring dance, the Djanger, won great popularity, but eventually lost it.

Nor are they slaves to time and schedules, eating, for example, only when hungry and then just throwing the dishes away (the dishes are made of banana leaves).

Flying kites, listening to his own music, and watching his lovely daughters perform the ancient, ritualistic Hindu dances, the Balinese is happy. But he does not like the sea, which seems to him a lowly place, the abode of evil. Rarely will he venture far from shore, to bathe or to fish. It is a wise precaution in a way, for at his back there lies an island, 90 miles long by 50 wide, which is the nearest thing on earth to paradise. Why should he desert it, even for a minute?

These men are doing a warlike combination exercise and dance, the Pentjak.

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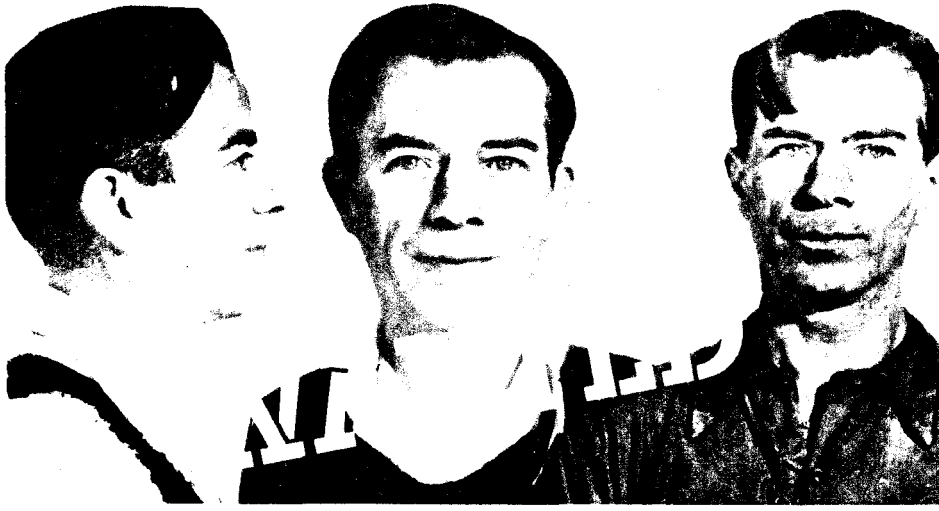

AMERICA'S MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINALS

HUNTED from town to town, from furnished room to furnished room, these nine men live the shadow life of the fugitive from justice. Armed desperadoes, ready to kill in order to keep their dubious freedom, they live in hiding, useless and deadly members of society.

Ultimately they will all be caught. Some of them, resisting arrest, will be killed by F.B.I. men who, even now, are closing relentlessly around them. Time is running out on these hoodlums. The blazing '30s are gone forever. A force of 4,000 highly trained "G-men" are utilizing every device of criminology to draw the net tight around their quarry.

Take William Francis Sutton (above), known variously as "Slick Willie" and "Willie the Actor." The history of the past two decades proves that his days of freedom are numbered. He is armed and dangerous. At 49, he has escaped from prison three times. Last March, Sutton and two other men robbed the Manufacturers' Trust Company in New York of $63,942. He has a red mole over his left eyebrow and a scar on the back of his neck. He likes hot dogs, bright red ties, and chess.

There is only one space that remains to be filled in this file on William Sutton: *date of capture.*

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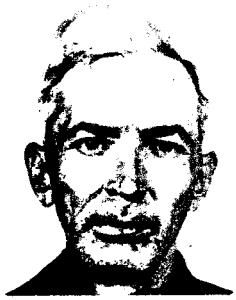

GLEN ROY WRIGHT is a grim remnant of the bloody era when the machine-gun gangs of John Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, and Alvin Karpis terrorized the nation. Imprisoned for life in 1934, Wright secured a gun in 1948 and shot his way to freedom. Wright has been wounded twice in gun battles, and bears a scar on his arm and two knife marks on his face. Medium-sized, slender, and gray-haired, he is a chain smoker who coughs constantly. Always armed, he is extremely dangerous.

FREDERICK "THE ANGEL" TENUTO, a robber as well as a murderer, has spent most of his 35 years in various reform schools and prisons. In 1947, he and four other desperadoes cleverly devised a ladder, brutally overpowered their guards, and escaped from the Philadelphia County Prison. Only five-feet-five, Tenuto wears elevator shoes to increase his height. So inured is he to a life of wanton lawlessness that he has been known to commit robbery for the sake of a drink.

HENRY RANDOLPH MITCHELL and a gangling confederate walked into a Florida bank one afternoon in 1948 and seized more than $10,000 at gunpoint. The F.B.I. was soon on the trail of the veteran criminal who had just been released from jail. Federal agents believe his acts of larceny, forgery, and robbery will follow an endless pattern until his time runs out. Mitchell is 55 years old, an avid race-track fan, and a daring gambler. This man is believed to be armed, and he is dangerous.

THOMAS JAMES HOLDEN, 55, belongs to another generation of criminals, the gangsters and train robbers of the '20s. Three years ago, he walked out of prison a free man, having paid for his crimes with 15 years of confinement. For 18 months, it seemed that he had reformed. Then, during a drunken brawl, he shot and killed his wife and her two brothers, and disappeared. The F.B.I. men on his trail say that his continued freedom "is a menace to every man, woman, and child in America."

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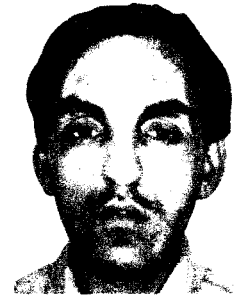
HENRY CLAY TOLLETT was sentenced to 25 years in the penitentiary for his part in the holdup of two banks, in which the loot totaled $100,000. Known for his habit of carrying a gun up his left sleeve, and his willingness to use it, Tollett behind bars enabled police officers to heave a sigh of relief. Then, on the morning of November 22, 1949, Tollett hid under the tarpaulin of a truck leaving the prison yard and got away. Once more, Federal agents dug out the file on Henry Clay Tollett.

MORRIS GURALNICK, 35, five-feet-four, is one of the most vicious men at large today. Arrested for stabbing a girl, he resisted furiously, biting off the finger of a policeman before he was finally subdued. Imprisoned, he savagely battered down his guards with pipes stolen from plumbing in his cell and escaped from jail with four other inmates. His only known occupation is that of popcorn vendor in burlesque houses. Guralnick has a broken nose, and two of his front teeth are missing.



THOMAS KLING left the New Jersey State Prison on September 18, 1947, after 15 years behind bars for a series of robberies and assaults that began back in 1916 when he was only ten years old. Then, one morning in 1949, a slight, brown-haired man walked into a tavern, pulled out a pistol, and barked: "This is a stick-up!" Thomas Kling was back at the only trade he knew. That holdup failed, but the F.B.I. knows there will be others—until they catch up with desperate Thomas Kling.

MORLEY VERNON KING left San Luis Obispo, California, the day before his wife was found dead under the back porch of a hotel. She had been strangled with a man's scarf. Although he walks with a decided limp, King's extensive travels, his knowledge of four languages, and his frequent use of aliases—Stanislaus Ludwig, Alfred Morgan —have made him difficult to corner, yet this very pattern may betray him. When last seen, he was known to be carrying a .32 caliber pistol.

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Vic Damone Cuts A Record

FIVE YEARS AGO, a nervous usher guided a group of bobby-soxers down the plush aisle of New York's Paramount Theater. Two and a half years later, and still nervous, he stepped up on Paramount's stage, sang *I Have but One Heart*, and set off a demonstration of shrieking applause seldom equaled, even among the most effervescent of the patrons. Vic Damone had arrived.

A shy, boyish crooner in his early twenties, Vic is slightly bewildered by the fame that goes with unprecedented record sales, night-club engagements, and a Hollywood contract. "I only wanted to build my mother a big house," he says plaintively. It certainly looks as if his wish will come true.

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As an usher at the Paramount, Vic Damone earned $18 a week. Now he cuts records that sell millions of copies.

At a three-hour recording session, Vic can make four record sides. And each session costs Mercury Records about $2,000.

Vic's recording of *I Have but One Heart* has a chorus in Italian, which he speaks fluently. It has sold 1,000,000 copies.

Joe Carlton, Mercury official, says of Damone: "He is one of the most sincere, cooperative kids I've worked with."

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Hollywood's Cat Man

This is Koontz's best-known student—Jackie, world-famous M-G-M trade-mark.

MELVIN KOONTZ, who works for the World Jungle Compound and trains lions for the movies, once illustrated the comparative safety of his unique occupation this way: "A young cat will kill you, but he probably won't eat you if he is well-fed."

Nearly every feline on film is a Koontz graduate. The stocky "cat man" has led tigers up a movie street, taught jaguars to play dead, and doubled for actors who had to do battle with a lion. And in 22 years of training these wild animals, the only serious injury Koontz ever suffered came when he turned his back on a horse. The kick that followed broke his leg and put him in the hospital for a month.

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Don'ts on Dates

A BOOK on etiquette published in 1898 defined the difference between fashion and etiquette as "like that existing between weather and climate; one lasts only a few days, and the other lasts all the time."

The truth of that observation about *climate* is nowhere more clearly illustrated than in the relationship between men and women. Once this relationship was known as sparking, then as courting. Now it is called dating, but the basic rules of courtesy and good manners always remain the same. Behind each is common sense, since etiquette is an essential ingredient for success. Etiquette is not only for business or family relations, but also has a place in courtship. Here it is an unfailing index of sincerity.

There are young people who believe that by consistently flouting these rules of good behavior they are being cute. They think that they are attracting favorable attention. Perhaps they are—but only for a time! In the long run, however, rudeness, negligence, and disdain result in missed marriages or unhappy homes. In etiquette it is the rule that brings results, not the exception.

In these pictures, Denise Lor and Ken Carson, CBS actors, and Frances Ramsden and Donald Buka, R-K-O-Radio players (*right to left, above*), point out some of the social errors displayed today by men and women while on dates.

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Don'ts for Women

Wouldn't you rather have him think about your charms, instead of watching you apply them? Make up in private.

He will not be flattered if you waste his time on your private telephone conversations. Worse, he may not come back.

Don't ooze, gush, and gasp over his attributes. You may turn his head, but you're more likely to turn him away.

Must you accompany your talk with effusive, overworked demonstrations? Spare your friends; go on the stage.

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Don'ts for Men

If you must criticize your friend's hair-do (not recommended), send her to a hairdresser; he is more experienced.

Your date won't appreciate your graphic demonstrations of another female form. She thinks hers is quite all right, too.

She may carry the suitcase once, but the chances are she'll ask someone else to meet her at the station the next time.

If you've asked a girl for a date, she is right in assuming you're interested in her. Don't keep scouting the field.

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The militant protest of childhood against a world it never made here is captured in every detail of Miss Harris' figure.

HALF HER AGE

EVERY SHOW NIGHT a miracle takes place on Broadway. A young actress steps on the stage and dazzles the audience with a pyrotechnical display of talent reminiscent, old-timers say, of the great days of the Barrymores. Her name is Julie Harris. In the hit play, *The Member of the Wedding*, she performs the almost-impossible feat of portraying a 12-year-old tomboy, about whose adolescent torments the plot revolves. Nightly she is compelled not only to give the illusion of being half as old as she really is, but on top of that, to run a fantastic gamut of emotion, from heights of ecstasy to depths of despair.

Success often is considered a sort of haven, where one can sit back at last and take things easy. This is not Miss Harris' view. One of Broadway's brightest stars, she still goes to an actors' school, where she studies ballet ("because it develops physical abilities you never knew you had"), and experiments with new gestures, turns of body and of phrase, inflections and expressions.

And the result? A performance which, as the photographs on these pages show, is a masterpiece of mobility and resourcefulness. Indeed, to people accustomed to judging acting by what they see in Grade B movies, it is incredible.

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An adolescent thunderstorm has passed; the actress reflects the emerging sun.

Here Miss Harris' pose forms a series of exclamation marks, showing despair.

A questioning mood is indicated by a pose that makes a perfect question mark.

Broken lines convey the uncertainty of the betwixt-and-between 12-year-old.

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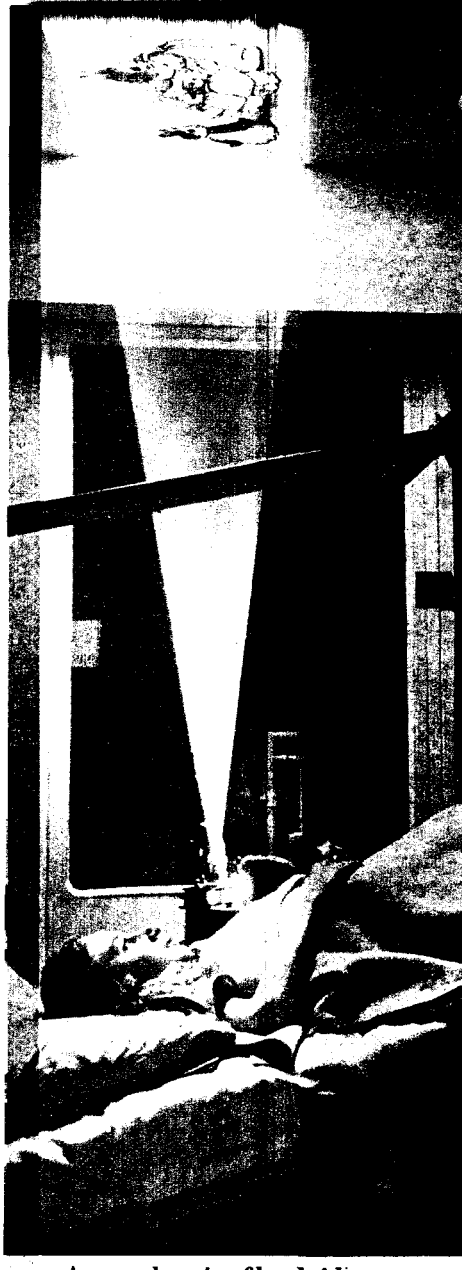
MAGIC ON THE CEILING

ONLY A SPARK of interest crossed the young soldier's face as the nurse adjusted a small machine by his bed. Wounded in Korea, he faced the grim prospect of long months on his back. When the nurse turned a switch and a beam of light flashed the words of a popular novel on the ceiling, his eyes widened. For four hours he read, wearing a happy new smile.

Projected Books, Inc., a nonprofit group, began to distribute machines during World War II. Soon, Coronet's Fund for Projected Reading was established. To date, it has received 8,666 contributions totaling $98,323. Now, with the need more acute, your contribution can help a shut-in to new hours of happiness.



Among the microfilmed titles are many children's books. A postcard to your library can start one to a sick child.

Projected books have therapeutic value for ailing children and are bringing new horizons to wounded soldiers.

Address contributions to Coronet's Fund for Projected Reading, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois

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Holiday Surprise!

This thrilling dessert owes its extra goodness to luscious Ann Page Raspberry Preserves! Like all Ann Page Foods, these fine preserves are made in A&P's own modern Ann Page food kitchens and sold to you in A&P stores. Thus unnecessary in-between expenses are eliminated. The savings made in this way are shared with you.

ANN PAGE
PROVES
Fine Foods Needn't Be Expensive!
FRUIT-ALASKA Costs less than 16c* a serving — thanks to Ann Page
Place heavy paper on bread board. Split 7 or 8-inch sponge layer; spread ½ cup Ann Page Raspberry Preserves between. Beat 4 egg whites with ⅛ tsp. salt until stiff; add ½ cup sugar gradually continuing to beat until meringue is stiff. Place 1 pint solidly frozen ice cream in center of cake. Cake should extend ½ inch beyond ice cream. Completely cover cake and ice cream with meringue. Bake on board in hot oven 450°F., about 5 min. Top with ¼ cup preserves. Serve at once. 6 servings.
*Cost based on prices at A&P Super Markets at press time.
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pure
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ONE OF A&P's Finest BRANDS

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This modern, *steel* Youngstown Kitchen features Youngstown Kitchens Electric Sink.

Why do the dishes after CHRISTMAS DINNER (or ever again?)

COMPLETELY MODERNIZE DISHWASHING

with the YOUNGSTOWN KITCHENS JET-TOWER DISHWASHER

It's a family gift you never could give before!

Give her this new Youngstown Kitchens Electric Sink (with Jet-Tower Dishwasher and famous Youngstown sink features) . . . or the new Automatic Dishwasher. She'll still be thanking you years from now for this *greatest helper she ever had.*

Ask your Youngstown dealer for a demonstration. For kitchen-planning booklet, write us direct.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO
World's Largest Makers of Steel Kitchens

Youngstown Kitchens

Call Western Union, Operator 25, and without charge get the name of a nearby dealer.

JET-TOWER JUNIOR FOR UNDER THE TREE
— a clever way to say, "Your gift's a Jet-Tower Dishwasher!" This grand working model makes an ideal children's toy, too! At your Youngstown dealer's.

© 1950 Mullins Manufacturing Corporation

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A GIFT TO OUR BABY

by EDMUND R. MILLER

THROUGH THE GOOD GRACES of the military, I was granted leave to go home after receiving a wire saying that my wife had entered the hospital in preparation for *our* blessed event. In coming ten days earlier than expected, the news had caught me unawares; and you can understand the difficulty of train travel when I tell you that the date was December 23, 1943.

Quickly I found out how expectant fathers feel—but my feeling was accentuated by not knowing how everything was going at home. That wartime train seemed never to travel fast enough.

At last, at 7:45 o'clock on Christmas Eve, I reached Holy Cross Hospital. I hardly dared to breathe as I went up the stairs. Flashing through my mind were the words I was going to say—just as I had planned them through long months of separation.

At last the room! But where were the words? We could only clasp hands and look at each other.

The baby—a girl—had arrived 24 hours before. We had planned on a boy and were not exactly prepared to pick a feminine name. But why worry about names? Nameless, red-faced and wrinkled, it was still *the* baby.

Christmas Eve, 1943, and a new life was with us. Christmas Eve, 1943, and hundreds of lives were being violently snuffed out in other lands. Christmas Eve, 20 centuries before, the Virgin Mother had been preparing for the birth of a Saviour.

Suddenly, far away, we heard singing—gradually becoming more distinct. A children's choir, softly singing Christmas carols, was coming down the corridor.

Unconscious of our silent tears, we knew then what our baby's name would be.

A sweet and simple "Mary Carol."

ILLUSTRATED BY NETTIE WEBER

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Stuart Symington: Our No.2 President

by TRIS COFFIN

His is the exacting job of mobilizing our resources and directing wartime controls

IN TIME OF WAR, the American people will wake up one morning to discover that a little-publicized man has taken over the job of running their private lives. His name is W. Stuart Symington, and as chief of Defense Mobilization and chairman of the National Security Resources Board, he will decide (among other things) where you work, what you eat, how much you earn, what you read, and how you may be best protected against atomic radiation.

Today, he is in charge of mobilizing every resource from men to metals, to make sure that America will be the winner in any conflict thrust upon us by aggressor nations. In terms of World War III, "Deputy President" Symington has a bigger job than a combination of those three titans of the last war—William Knudsen, Donald Nelson, and Chester Bowles.

To his associates in Washington, Symington is "Mr. Facts" or "Mr. Vitamins," these titles being a tribute to his insatiable hunger for proven facts and to his boundless energy. One weary aide, at the end of a long and hectic day, quipped: "If the Navy could learn 'Stu's' secret of manufacturing energy, the problem of long-range submarines would be licked. He never has to come up to charge his batteries!"

Symington has had a story-book career, from steel puddler to president of a great corporation, from buck private in the Army to Secretary of the Air Force. Yet he looks like Hollywood's idea of a polo-playing Prince Charming. A husky six-foot-two, he seems ten years younger than his 49. His easy smile reveals gleaming teeth. He wears his suits casually, like a veteran Brooks Brothers customer.

However, the snap impression that he must be a gay fellow gives the Deputy President a pain. Not long ago he snorted when a news

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magazine suggested he was quite a playboy in his younger days. "Playboy?" Symington snapped impatiently. "Why, I built my career during the time they say I was playing around!"

In actuality, Symington is today our No. 2 President for the home front. This is not because of his authority, but because he uses the war powers of the President, and in a showdown is responsible only to him. When Congress passed the new economic-control act last September, Truman promptly named Symington chief of Defense Mobilization to administer it. This act gives Symington authority to clamp on allocations of scarce materials, selective price controls and rationing, credit controls and wage freezes.

Yet, when pressed for a compact description of his work by a reporter, Symington looked like a harassed housewife with ten children underfoot.

"I'm learning new things every day," he said in his pleasant voice. "This job is a bottomless pit."

BEFORE SYMINGTON bowed to Truman's wishes and resigned as Secretary of the Air Force to take over the NSRB, few people had heard of the Board. It was "a sleeping beauty," as one staff member wryly called it. Actually, the Board was created by Congress three years ago at the request of the late Secretary of Defense Forrestal. After going through two world wars, Forrestal reasoned it was time the government had an agency to worry about industrial and civilian preparation for World War III.

Early this year, when Truman was warned by the Joint Chiefs of Staff that the "cold war" might get hot, he asked Symington to be chairman. He was sworn in on April 26, and since that date the historic old State Department building next door to the White House has been a hive of activity.

"Symington's Squadron," as the 300 NSRB employees are known, beam with unseemly pleasure at their activity. One explains: "Mr. Symington makes your work exciting and important. When you get home at night dead tired, you drop off in blissful sleep, sure you are saving the world."

Symington has not only put zest into the Board, but has also kept up-to-date two M (for Mobilization) Day plans. Plan One organizes the materials, blueprints, skilled workmen, and trained production superintendents to gear the nation into war production within 30 days. A sample of the tricky problems Symington must solve quickly is fuel for our deadly guided missiles, most of which require an acid and aniline compound that has virtually no peacetime use.

The NSRB must be sure that there are always on hand enough critical chemicals to power hundreds of thousands of guided missiles, enough trained chemists and workers to prepare swiftly a whole new labor force, and enough machinery to manufacture the fuel without starving other strategic production.

Plan Two is a cold-blooded, realistic program for a long war. Many conflicts have been lost because the defeated nation did not have staying powers. Symington receives from the Joint Chiefs of

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Staff estimates of what they think the war will take in material, skills, and manpower. Since the NSRB knows where the resources are located, Symington has already stockpiled millions of dollars' worth of key materials from every corner of the globe.

Plan Two also involves a delicate balance between war needs and energy to keep the home fires burning. The Board must give sure answers to such tough questions as, "What is the least amount of food that workers must have to sustain themselves and families?" "How long can humans work at top speed?" "How long will the industrial plant operate around the clock without wearing out?"

As if these questions were not enough, Symington has "side lines" to his job, such as co-ordinating the economic defense effort of the U. S. with its Allies. With his nice understanding of words, Symington calls it "economic countermeasures." Bluntly, this means grabbing strategic materials and keeping them from Russia and her satellites.

Although it did not appear on the surface, the hunt for resources was back of Truman's dramatic order of June 27, putting the U. S. squarely behind the Republic of Korea and Formosa. Southeast Asia, according to confidential NSRB surveys, is endowed with enough resources to spell the difference between victory and defeat in World War III.

Because Symington, in time of war, could parcel out some of his side-line duties to administering agencies, he is likely to keep the NSRB as it is—a small staff of hard-hitting experts in specialized fields. He prefers a compact team he knows intimately for the kind of sharpshooting that is Symington's great skill.

This skill has made the NSRB chairman a unique object in Washington. Generals, lobbyists, and politicians have tried to figure him out, but he remains a stranger to all but a few close associates. Actually, he is a new kind of personality in Washington, known in National Press Club lingo as an "operator" or "captive capitalist."

The "operators" have replaced the Brain Trusters of the New Deal, and they leaven the Fair Deal loaf of cronies. Truman, in common with millions of his fellow citizens, has high respect for the successful business executive who got there on merit, and not because he married the boss' daughter.

Symington is a perfect prototype. He does not owe his job to politics or campaign contributions to the Democratic Party. (The charming Mrs. Symington, the former Miss Evelyn Wadsworth, is the daughter of the aristocratic Republican elder statesman, Rep. James W. Wadsworth of New York.) Nor is Symington the Deputy President because he was a Battery D buddy of Truman's in World War I.

SYMINGTON'S SUCCESS is the kind of tale that Horatio Alger told over and over again. Born 49 years ago, son of a lawyer, he enlisted in World War I as a buck private and, at 17, was one of the youngest second lieutenants in Army history.

After the war, Stu decided he needed a college education and chose Yale. At 22, he went to work in his uncle's metal plant in

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Rochester, N. Y., beginning as a grimy puddler, determined to learn the business from the bottom up. By the time he was 26 and an executive of the Symington Company, Manhattan financiers had him tagged as a doctor for sick factories.

From 1930 to 1945 he was successively production doctor and president of three corporations—Colonial Radio, Rustless Iron and Steel, and Emerson Electric. In 1941, Symington had just returned from England on a study for the Army and Navy, and was building the world's largest plane-armament plant as part of Emerson Electric. Truman, then a senator investigating our defense program, was proud of this booming business in his home state.

Truman was also impressed by what others have called Symington's "brutal lucidity." At one of their first meetings, the youthful industrialist told of his trip to England during the Blitz. "When I was there in 1937," he recounted, "all that seemed to interest the British was race horses. When I got back this time, they were eating them."

Four years later, Truman was President, and Symington was one of his first appointees, as Surplus Property Administrator. Since then, Truman has used him much as the bankers did, to put new life into anemic agencies. As Assistant Secretary of War for Air and as first Secretary of the Air Force, Symington built our military aviation to peak power.

Symington has an obsession for facts. When he was preparing the drive for a 70-group Air Force, he asked for cost data. Generals from Wright Field, from operation, and from procurement brought him different estimates every day. Finally Symington put his hands to his head and cried:

"We're being figured to death! Look, I want one set of figures, and I want them to stand. All these wrangles must be decided before you come here."

This devotion to facts carries over into Symington's conferences with industrial, labor, and civic leaders. Assistants have noted he can stand just so many pompous phrases. Then Symington, usually charming with visitors, begins to twist in his chair and chew gum furiously.

This is followed by a question: "Now, Mr. Jones, don't you think the fact of the matter is . . . ?"

Symington uses facts as weapons to win public support. That was what he did in the raging appropriation battle last year between the Navy and the Air Force. Symington's view, which he expressed with fervor, was: "A fleet of long-range bombers capable of flying to any corner of the world and back can be the guardian of peace."

This theme, embellished with such facts as the exact time required for a big bomber to fly to Moscow and return, and the upkeep cost of a bomber compared to a fleet, appeared in columns, magazines, and speeches. The Navy was smothered with statistics.

Another quality of Symington's is his contagious enthusiasm for work. One Board assistant tells of being summoned to Symington's office and told with a straight face: "You will come to work at 9 in the morning, because those are the

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regulations. And you will stay until after 7 in the evening, because you love your work."

The more Symington labors, the more energy he has. The chairman holds conferences riding in the elevator, with an assistant trotting behind him en route to the White House, and even over cocktails. A friend, questioned on Symington's social activities, replied laconically, "Professional."

Symington's zeal for a project comes only after he has studied it thoroughly, sniffed the air for public sentiment, and checked with Congress. The way he operates is shown in his reaction to clamor in Washington for a nation-wide civil-defense organization, complete with Geiger counters. Symington replied evenly:

"The easiest way to produce hysteria is to have a lot of people running around in uniforms without anything to do. Let's first find out what civil defense means in the atomic age, and start training a few people who can teach 12,000,000 volunteers."

This is the man entrusted with defense of the home front, mobilization of all our material and manpower reserves for total war, and for economic combat with an enemy whose territory covers one-sixth of the globe. The only time Symington shows emotion about his terrible responsibility is when he is asked: "Why did you take this nerve-wracking job in the madhouse of Washington?"

The big man looks up slowly and thoughtfully. Then he says, almost to himself: "I've got two boys. One was in the Marines, one in the Army. They were graduated from Yale this year. I would like to think I've helped save them from being killed in another major war."

Santa's Workshop

ANYONE WHO DOESN'T believe in Santa Claus can visit North Pole and see the jolly old fellow for himself. And he won't have to go all the way up beyond the Arctic Circle to do it.

North Pole, New York, is at Whiteface Mountain up in the Adirondacks and it's open all year 'round for visitors, young and old, to see "Santa's Workshop," where toys are made and where Kris Kringle, his reindeer, and many storybook characters live.

Created to attract the thousands of travelers through upper New York State, this children's village is a virtual fairyland come to life.

Nine stripped pine-log houses, built with a Mother Goose motif, nestle in a beautiful natural setting. There are toymakers dressed as gnomes and full-costumed fictional characters. The children even play with Santa's live reindeer and other tame animals that roam around freely.

"Oh, to be a child again," you might say, but grownups, too, enjoy this unique attraction.

—*People and Places*

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CHRISTMAS, most dads will agree, is the time of year when father owes best.

MOTHER WAS READY to take little Tommy down to the local department store to visit Santa Claus. "Now, have you decided what you're going to ask him for?" she said as she buttoned his coat.

"Oh yes," said Tommy, eyes shining. "I'm going to ask him to bring me an electric train just like the one he brought Daddy last Christmas." —JEROME SAXON

UPON HER RETURN from a visit to Santa Claus, a very young lady told her awed playmates: "Know what I found out? Santa Claus' first name is Charlie."

Much impressed, the other kids demanded to know how she had learned this.

"Why," said the little girl, "a man went up to him and said 'Well, Charlie, you'd better quit and go to lunch now.' "

—ELEANOR CLARAGE

"I WANT SOMETHING nice," the forceful lady announced to the toy-department clerk, "and it must be suitable for a small boy whose father is corpulent and unable to do any kneeling." —*Cape Argus*

A NEW YORK MOTHER took her five-year-old son to visit Santa Claus at Gimbel's.

"What would you like for Christmas, sonny?" the old gentleman asked.

"A bicycle, a football, and a pair of skates," was the prompt reply.

"Well, I'll certainly try to see that you get them," said Santa.

Later, mother and son visited Macy's and paid a call on Santa Claus there, too. The same question was asked, and the same answer given, but this time the old gentleman added: "And are you going to be a good boy?"

Whereupon the youngster turned to his mother and said: "Let's go back to Gimbel's. I wasn't asked to make any promises there." —*Sunshine*

THE MORE CLOSELY she examined it, the more interested the well-dressed shopper became in the beautiful dollhouse, that is, until she came to the exorbitant price tag. It stunned her. Just at that moment a saleslady appeared at her elbow and inquired politely, "May I help you, madam?"

"Just tell me one thing," the woman smiled sweetly. "Does the store arrange for the mortgage on this?" —*Wall Street Journal*

JOHNNY'S LETTER to Santa Claus had an interminably long list of things he wanted. He was about to put it into an envelope when he had a sudden inspiration. Picking up his pencil, he added:

"Also bring me one surprise."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

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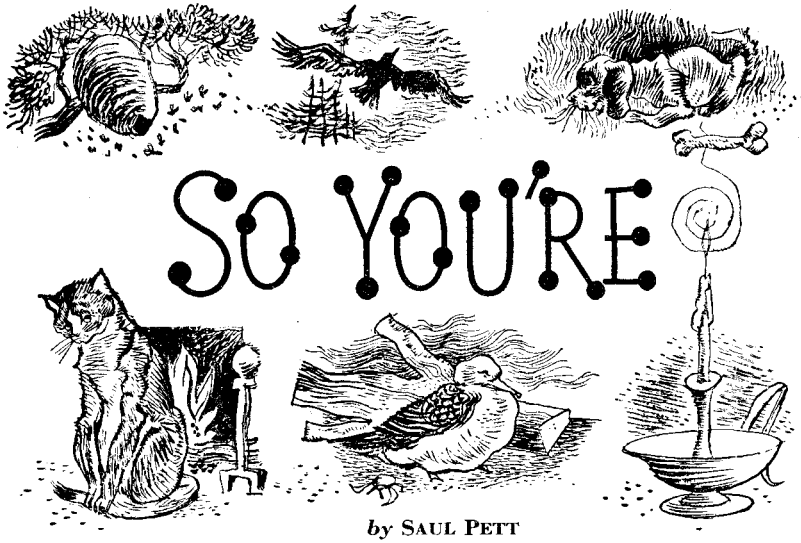

by SAUL PETT

LONG BEFORE there was an official weather bureau, there was weather. And thus, a great body of unofficial, unscientific opinion about forecasting grew up and still is used by many people today.

Some of it is taken seriously, some isn't. At any rate, here is a ready reference of city-and-country methods for predicting tomorrow's weather. How many of these home-grown methods do you believe?

Expect rain—if cows try to scratch their ears; tables and chairs creak; smoke drifts down; cats sneeze and scratch table legs; walls and pavements are damp; dogs scorn meat and eat grass; the bull leads the cattle going to pasture; flies bite your hand; candles burn dim; bees stay near the hive; horses stretch their necks and sniff the air; tobacco lingers; soot slips down the chimney; your rheumatic back aches.

Expect cold—if geese fly about 10 o'clock at night; pigs grunt and cluster together nervously; prairie chickens move into creeks; field larks gather in flocks.

Expect snow—if cats sit with their backs to the fire; burning wood pops more than usual; black clouds collect in the north; cows low in the evening; dry leaves rattle in trees.

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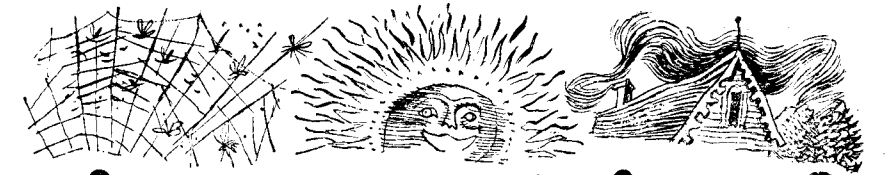

WEATHER-WISE?

Expect a thaw—if hogs rub themselves in winter; cats wash their faces; old sheep lose their appetites.

Expect storms—if aspen leaves shake in calm weather; foxes bark at night; rabbits scurry to the woods; birds stop singing.

Expect winter to be long and severe—if the brown band on certain caterpillars is narrow; leaves are slow to fall; bushes are thick with berries; squirrel tails are very bushy; onion skins are thick and tough; there is lots of fog in the fall.

Expect fair weather—if crows fly in pairs; spiders spin new webs; red clouds appear in the West at sunset; ants build new hills; no falling stars appear on a clear summer night; your rheumatic back feels better.

Expect awful weather—if a crow flies alone; seagulls sit on the sand; petrels gather under the stern of a ship; large spots appear on the sun.

These are only some of the many notions about weather forecasting passed down through the ages via proverbs, rhymes, and superstitions. Now, what about complications? What will happen if, on the same day, you see a spider spinning a new web (fair), smoke drifting downward (rain), rabbits racing for the open country (snow)?

Well, that's just life itself—full of complications . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE MITCHELL

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DENVER'S SCHOOL OF OPPORTUNITY

by MADELYN WOOD

An amazing and unorthodox institution, it owes its existence to one woman's vision

IN THE TINY VILLAGE of Ungalik, Alaska, a young Eskimo girl who could not read or write made a decision that took her on a long journey to Denver, Colorado.

In New York City, the president of a nation-wide chain of department stores announced he was going away on a long Western vacation. His associates would have been amazed had they learned how he spent the months he was gone.

In Colorado, a young widow whose husband had been killed in an auto accident faced the terrifying fact that, though untrained, she had to support her child.

These widely separated people were helped by a unique institution dedicated to the belief that learning is the master key to opportunity. That idea has made it possible for the Emily Griffith Opportunity School to bring new happiness to 100,000 people.

This amazing public school has found jobs for thousands, turned failures into brilliant successes, helped the handicapped find new self-respect, saved hundreds of marriages. No one has ever been turned away from its doors, above which are emblazoned the stirring words, "For All Who Wish to Learn."

For the Eskimo girl, those words meant a chance to get an education that would enable her to go back and help her own people. For the New York executive, they offered a way to get a high-school diploma without the knowledge of his friends who had always assumed he was a

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college graduate. For the widow, they meant help in getting a job and training for a better one.

The Emily Griffith School is like a grade school, high school, trade school, college, hobby shop, vocational-guidance center, employment agency, domestic-relations bureau, and homemakers' forum, all rolled into one.

It has no entrance requirements. It charges no tuition to local residents, and only a tiny fee to others. A student can pick any subject, start work any time, come to school as many hours as he likes. He can get a grade-school or high-school diploma, in two years or 20.

A housewife can come for one afternoon to learn how to operate a pressure cooker, or every day for years to learn everything from managing the family budget to entertaining guests with sparkling conversation. A factory worker can spend a week learning how to operate a particular machine, or years mastering an intricate craft like watch repairing.

The Opportunity School "campus" is unusual, too. Classes overflow from two big buildings in downtown Denver into 75 locations, including factories, churches, school buildings, and remote Grange halls in the mountains.

THIS FABULOUS SCHOOL began 34 years ago when an earnest teacher in one of Denver's poorer districts made a discovery about her pupils. Emily Griffith had come to Denver eager to help others learn, because her own education had been won with such difficulty. She was born in a Nebraska sod house and for years had lacked any formal schooling while her family eked out a living on a prairie farm.

Now she was disturbed to find that many of her pupils were absent a large part of the time. To find out why, she went to their homes. There she found the answer — the parents needed to go to school as much as did their children.

To Emily Griffith that was an inspiration. Why not a school for adults, a school that would teach all sorts of subjects, at any hours the student was free to come?

Boldly she went to the Superintendent of Schools, who listened in amazement to her plan. Nothing like it had ever been tried before. Why hadn't it been done in cities bigger and older than Denver?

That didn't matter, Emily Griffith retorted; it was *needed* in Denver. She told the Superintendent story after story of people held back by lack of knowledge and skill.

The earnestness of blue-eyed Emily Griffith was strangely convincing. The school official found himself agreeing to take up the matter with the School Board, which decided to try out the idea in the old Longfellow School. So one day Emily Griffith stood at the door ready to welcome the students. She had expected 200, but 2,398 eager people poured into the dingy building. There were tears in her eyes as she recognized parents she had talked to in shabby homes.

Their eagerness to plunge into those first few courses in spelling, history, bookkeeping, typing, English, and other basic subjects was proof enough that the Opportunity School was slated for success.

From then on, Emily Griffith devoted her life to the school. She was

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loved by her students because she never made anyone feel ashamed of his ignorance—so long as he wanted to do something about it. Once she fired a teacher two hours after the woman had been hired because the latter said to a student, "I don't see how you could have reached your age without knowing that!"

Year by year the legend of Emily Griffith grew. She lived for her students. Each day she brought soup from home to feed those who had no money for lunches. When students were leaving, she made sure that all had carfare and a place to sleep.

On the street she would see bleary-eyed men with hopelessness on their faces. She would buy them clothes and bring them to school. Sometimes her efforts failed, but hundreds of people found new lives. A former drunkard became a bank president; an ex-convict became the sales manager of a mining company; a discouraged janitor became head of one of the country's biggest real-estate firms.

By 1934, tired from her long efforts, Emily Griffith retired to a log cabin in the mountains. To these humble surroundings, prominent educators and former students made pilgrimages, coming by the hundreds until her death in 1947.

"We've changed to meet the times," says Howard L. Johnson, the dynamic ex-football coach who is principal of the school today. "Yet we like to think that we have done nothing that wouldn't meet the approval of Emily Griffith."

Now, with more than 300 full-time and part-time instructors, and a $765,000 annual budget, the school has been able to intensify its efforts to make opportunity knock for its students. Its records are filled with heart-warming stories like that of the young man who learned he was going blind. He had wanted to be an electrician—what chance would he have now?

Opportunity School counselors convinced him that blindness need not stop him. Blindfolded, to simulate the darkness that would soon fall over his world, the young student went through a special course of instruction. He learned intricate wiring setups by touch. As he neared the end of his course, offers of jobs poured in from many states. He turned them down and started his own shop in Colorado Springs.

IF THE OPPORTUNITY SCHOOL offered no more than the chance to learn a trade, it would be a remarkable enterprise. At the downtown building are completely equipped machine shops, a garage where cars are rebuilt, an aircraft-repair shop, electrical-service shops, a bakery, barbershop, restaurant, shoe-repair shop, and many others.

All training is tied directly to the needs of industry. If a factory finds it is going to need ten men to operate a certain type of machine, it tells the school co-ordinator, who works out a course to train men for that particular job.

This alertness to local needs accounts for the fact that nearly every Opportunity School graduate has a good job waiting. In the business school, where thousands are enrolled to learn scores of jobs from file clerk up to those at executive levels, the school's scouts are busy tracking down jobs.

A big Chicago firm which had

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considered moving to Denver was frankly dubious that it would be able to get the 175 highly skilled workers it needed to operate specialized business machines. When Opportunity School officials heard about the contemplated move, they rushed a staff member to Chicago.

For weeks Miss Edna Jean Hershey, Co-ordinator of Business Education, prowled around the offices, studying every job. When that was done, she was able to promise the company: "We'll have your workers waiting for you."

Miss Hershey hurried back to Denver and worked out a complete course. The school set up what was really a miniature of the Chicago office, in which students were soon putting in long hours of practice. The company closed up shop in Chicago one Friday evening and on Monday morning was operating in Denver with totally new personnel, except for six supervisors.

Emily Griffith always believed that one of the most important things the school could do was to help women in the job of homemaking. Today, scores of courses are offered on how to manage children, how to sew, cook, pick the right clothes, the right furniture, the right home equipment.

When school officials see the need for a new service, they waste no time in debate. One day a school co-ordinator was talking to a retailer. "You don't have a course in how to be a good Santa Claus, do you?" the retailer joked. "Ours last year was a flop."

The school representative didn't laugh. "We don't have," he said, "but we could."

A few hours later the school was able to announce that it was all set to teach anyone how to play Santa Claus. Twenty men turned up for the two-month course, taught by a department-store personnel manager who had once been a Santa himself.

Probably no city ever had so many properly rotund and jolly Santas as did Denver last year. To local citizens, it seemed appropriate that they had learned their jovial art at an institution which makes a business of playing year-round Santa Claus by offering the priceless gift of opportunity to all who wish to learn.

Typical American

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN is he who, whether rich or poor, whether dwelling in the North, South, East or West, whether scholar, professional man, merchant, manufacturer, farmer, or skilled worker for wages, lives the life of a good citizen and a good neighbor; who believes loyally and with all his heart in his country's institutions, and in the underlying principles on which these institutions are built; who directs both his private and his public life by sound principles; who cherishes high ideals; and who aims to train his children for a useful life and for their country's service.—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, *The American as He Is* (SCRIBNER'S)

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THE MARCH OF MEDICINE

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

New Help for Alcoholics

AFTER CENTURIES of ridicule and condemnation, drunkards today are more to be pitied than censured. "Alcoholism is a disease," scientists agree.

But what kind of disease? Striving to answer this question, medical researchers have found evidence that it may result from failure of the master pituitary gland, located at the base of the brain, to function properly.

Dr. James J. Smith, director of a research project on alcoholism at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center, closely examined drunkards brought into Bellevue Hospital from New York's streets. He discovered striking similarities in the way their glands functioned. For example, few alcoholics were bald. Most of them had much hair on their heads and little on the rest of their bodies.

Although 40 youths in 100 suffer from the skin disturbance called acne, only four in 100 alcoholics had ever had it. Glands control these conditions.

Chasing these clues, Dr. Smith treated alcoholics as glandular cases, giving them the hormones ACE and ACTH. Results were spectacular. Under normal treatment, patients with delirium tremens—an acute stage of alcoholism—do not get well in less than 48 hours. After treatment with ACTH, patients showed definite improvement within three to ten hours!

Cancer Hope in Poison Gas

DURING WORLD WAR II, Germany developed nitrogen mustards as a poison gas. Now a medicament derived from this dreaded weapon plays a role of mercy in holding back advanced cancer.

At George Washington University in Washington, D.C., doctors took ten patients with cancers considered too hopeless for surgery or X-ray treatments and injected nitrogen mustards into arteries carrying blood to the malignant tumors. In each case, they reported, the chemical slowed the cancer growth "remarkably."

One patient's brain tumor had almost blinded him. Treated with nitrogen mustards, he soon could read large print in newspapers. Another man was dying from a neck cancer. Small doses were injected. In 24 hours pain eased and in 48 hours it disappeared.

Dr. Calvin T. Klopp, who supervised the injections, warns that the injections will not cure cancer;

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they can be used only when the cancer is concentrated in one place, and in patients who can no longer be helped by surgery or radiation.

Dentists' Drug for the Heart

FOR MANY PATIENTS, wild and disorderly heart beats are one of the most disturbing aspects of heart disease. To prevent these, the drug quinidine is often prescribed, but does not always help.

Researchers at the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center sought a more effective chemical. Finally their search led to novocain, the dentists' stand-by. However, this drug, also known as procaine, often caused severe nervous upsets. Aware of these harmful effects, William Lott of Squibb Research Laboratories developed several modifications of novocain. Then Medical Center researchers showed that one of the modifications, procaine amide, manufactured under the trade name of "Pronesty," is effective where quinidine and procaine fail.

One patient with an irregular beat following a heart attack was treated. Irregularities disappeared. In another case, doctors tried various drugs in vain and expected their patient to die overnight. As a desperate measure, they called for procaine amide. A few days later the patient left the hospital.

Fifteen patients took the drug experimentally. Results were "complete success" in 13 cases, "partial success" in the remaining two.

Reporting to the American Heart Association, Dr. Herbert J. Kayden said procaine amide can also be used to eliminate the harmless extra beats that often needlessly worry persons with normal hearts.

Food Poisoning's Foe

"FAULTY HOME CANNING Causes Death." "Family Dies of Food Poisoning." Headlines such as these may soon belong to a past age.

The reason is subtilin, a powerful new microbe fighter. Department of Agriculture scientists found subtilin as effective as the present prolonged-heat canning in killing microbes that cause foods to decay. And because only mild heat is needed when subtilin is added, it enables preserved foods to keep their natural flavors.

These Modern Moppets

MOTHER DECIDED Jennie had been attending school long enough to answer a few simple test questions. So she began with: "Tell me, dear, how long is a minute?"

"Which kind do you mean?" inquired the discerning youngster, "a real minute or a wait-a-minute?"

"CHILDREN," SAID the teacher, "can you tell me the meaning of the word budget?"

"It's a family quarrel," one little boy replied soberly.

—ROBERT WALDEN

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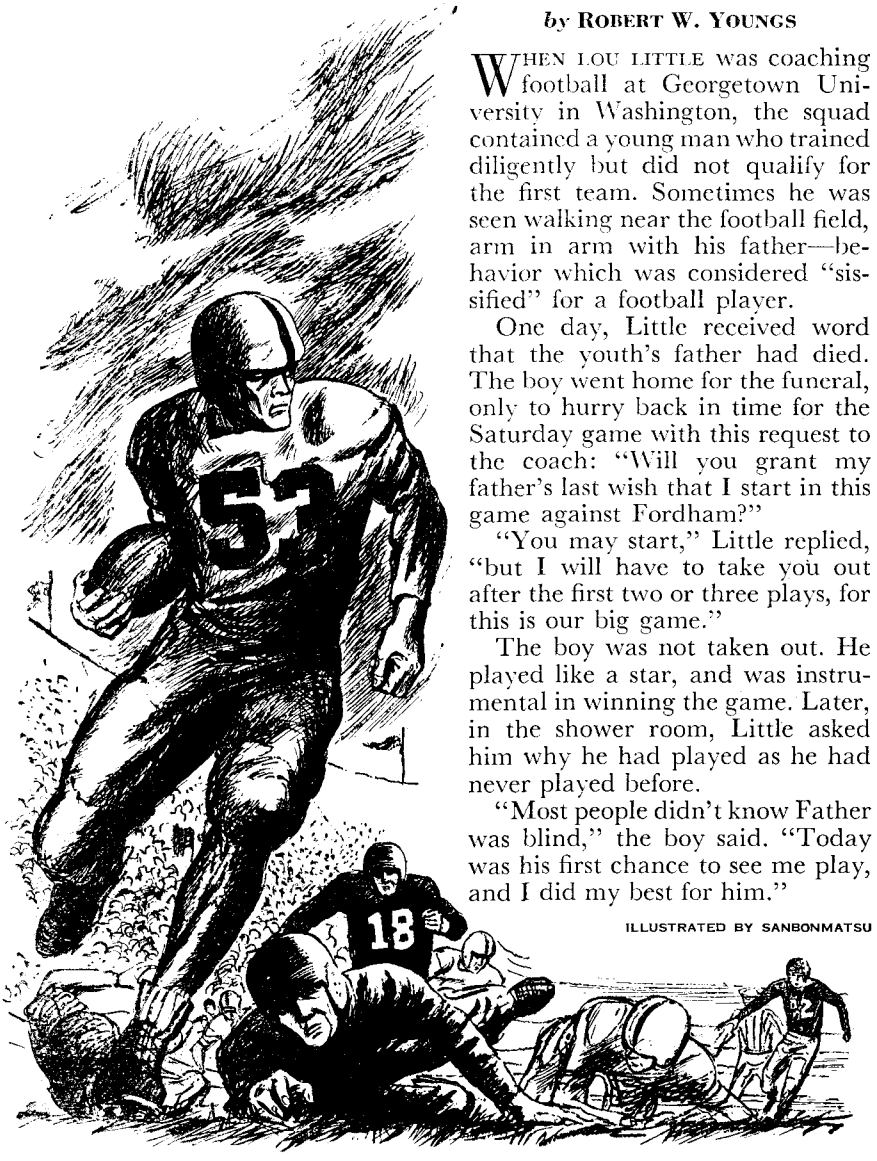
THE UNSEEN SPECTATOR

by ROBERT W. YOUNGS



WHEN LOU LITTLE was coaching football at Georgetown University in Washington, the squad contained a young man who trained diligently but did not qualify for the first team. Sometimes he was seen walking near the football field, arm in arm with his father—behavior which was considered "sissified" for a football player.

One day, Little received word that the youth's father had died. The boy went home for the funeral, only to hurry back in time for the Saturday game with this request to the coach: "Will you grant my father's last wish that I start in this game against Fordham?"

"You may start," Little replied, "but I will have to take you out after the first two or three plays, for this is our big game."

The boy was not taken out. He played like a star, and was instrumental in winning the game. Later, in the shower room, Little asked him why he had played as he had never played before.

"Most people didn't know Father was blind," the boy said. "Today was his first chance to see me play, and I did my best for him."

ILLUSTRATED BY SANBONMATSU

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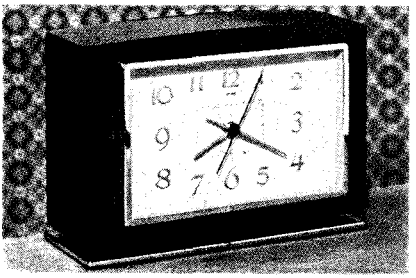
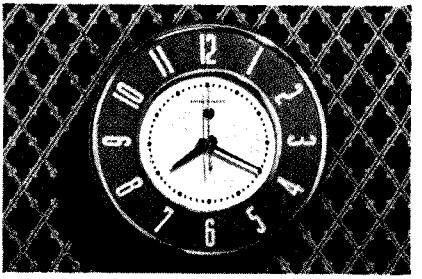
This Christmas

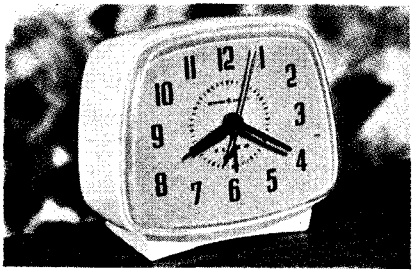
GIVE HANDSOME GENERAL ELECTRIC CLOCKS



G-E CANDLEWICK. *New* Alarm! For bedroom or living room. Only $17.95*



G-E GOURMET. *New!* Voted America's finest kitchen clock! Only $6.95*



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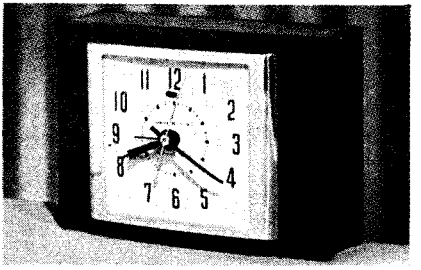

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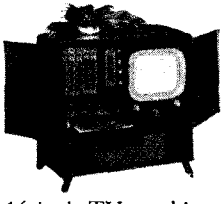

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BOTTLED MAILMEN OF THE SEAS

by THORP McCLUSKY and ALBERT A. BRANDT

There may be tragedy or romance in a floating message cast ashore at your feet

WHAT CASUAL beach stroller has not dreamed of finding a bottle cast up on the shore, opening it, and thrilling to a message of romance, disaster, or mystery? The chances are far greater than you suppose, for the age-old "Bottle Post"—the mail delivery of the seven seas—has been entrusted with many strange messages.

Two boys playing among the dunes along the Maine coast recently found a beer bottle that had drifted onto the beach. They were about to throw it away when one exclaimed, "There's a note inside!"

It was a tragic message—a farewell scrawled hastily on a page torn from a notebook: "Our ship is sinking. The SOS won't help. I guess this is it. Good-bye now—maybe this will reach the good old USA." Appended was the name and address of a loved one.

A few weeks later, another bottle message drifted ashore on the same coast, followed by flotsam from a vessel. U. S. Naval Intelligence learned that the debris had come from the destroyer *Beatty*, sunk in the Mediterranean in November, 1943. It had taken more than four years for the pitiful remnants of the warship to travel the 3,000 miles to her homeland.

Few people realize the extent to which the oceans serve as emergency mail carriers. For example, the fate of $6,000,000 is directly connected with the finding of a sea-borne bottle on the Palo Alto, California, beach last summer by Jack J. Wurm, a restaurant worker. In the bottle was a note, dated June 20, 1937, which stated: "To avoid all confusion, I leave my entire estate to the lucky person who finds this bottle and to my at-

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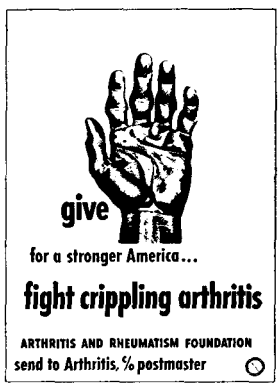
torney, Barry Cohen, share and share alike."

The note was signed "Daisy Alexander."

In September, 1939, a Mrs. Daisy Alexander, daughter of Isaac Singer, the sewing-machine manufacturer, died in London at the age of 81, leaving an estate estimated at $12,000,000. Friends recall having heard her speak of throwing bottled messages into the sea—"to see where they would turn up." But there *is* a Barry Cohen, living today in London, and he *was* Mrs. Alexander's lawyer. Is the will, found in a bottle years after it was apparently written, genuine? Disposition of half the estate—about $6,000,000—depends on what the courts decide.



Perhaps the saddest of all bottle messages deals with the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* early in World War I. Of the hundreds who perished, scores spent their last moments writing messages to loved ones and consigning these to the rising waters. One note gives a stark account of the final moments:

"I am still on deck with a few people. One is a child. The last boats have left. We are sinking fast. The orchestra is still playing bravely. Some men near me are praying with a priest. The end is near. Maybe this note will . . ."

That is the end. Why the note was broken off in mid-sentence, nobody will ever know.

Disaster, however, is not the only reason mail is entrusted to the sea. A British liner nearing the Australian coast picked up a bottle containing the photograph of a handsome seaman and this note:

"I am a mate on a freighter bound for the South Seas. I am a lonesome fellow and hope that fate will bring me a wife. Perhaps somewhere in the Commonwealth there is a girl not older than 30 who wants to write to me." The address was printed carefully. The liner's captain placed these curios where his pretty stewardess would be sure to see them. Presently he had lost a stewardess, but the enterprising mate had gained a wife. Back in the 1920s, sky-high enthusiasm obviously prompted an American tourist to stuff a large personal check, drawn on a U. S. bank, into a wine bottle and fling it from the deck of the *President Roosevelt*. The check, as the French modiste who found the bottle on the water front at Saffi, Morocco, found out, was as good as gold.

Why such exuberant generosity? Let the note in the bottle explain. "Hurrah for Lindbergh!" it said.

Science is probably the principal user of wave-borne mail. Through the ages, men seeking to advance knowledge have used drifting receptacles to study ocean currents, tides, waves, winds, weather, climate, and even geology and the reasons behind migration of races.

Around 300 B.C., Theophrastus, a Greek philosopher, proved by the drift of seaweed and bottles

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that the Mediterranean receives most of its water from the Atlantic Ocean. Two thousand years after him, Albert, Prince of Monaco and a real hobbyist on maritime research, persuaded captains of ships sailing for distant ports to take along bottles to be dumped overboard at specified latitudes and longitudes. Pertinent data was carefully noted in bottled messages.

Over the three years from 1885 to 1888, some 1,700 bottles were scattered throughout the Atlantic. And over a period of ten years, 227 bottles were recovered—enough to point the way toward the solution of many perplexing questions about Atlantic currents.

Today, every nation with an extensive coastline, and many private scientific organizations, play the bottle game. In addition, there is a quasi-official, world-wide association of bottle enthusiasts—the International Bottle Club—which coordinates information on ocean movements, and keeps thousands of bottles on the move all the time.

The speed record among floating bottles is held by one which completed a transoceanic voyage at an average rate of eight miles a day.

Probably the record for distance goes to a veritable "Flying Dutchman" which was flung from a North Sea trawler more than 25 years ago. Picked up and cast back into the ocean innumerable times, it has made several circumnavigations of the globe, not counting the thousands of miles it has backtracked. And it is still going strong.

Sometimes the bottle post explains the mystery of a ship lost at sea with all hands. In November, 1933, the steamer *Saxilby* vanished in the Atlantic while en route from Newfoundland to Port Talbot. For more than two years, there was no clue to either the ship or its 29-man crew. Then a cocoa tin drifted ashore at the tiny Welsh hamlet of Aberavon. Inside was the fateful explanation: "*S.S. Saxilby* sinking somewhere off the Irish coast. Love to sister, brothers and Dinah—Joe Okane."

Nobody will believe the rest of the *Saxilby's* story—yet it is true. Joe Okane's home town was Aberavon, the message was addressed to his family in Aberavon, and the cocoa tin floated to shore within a mile of his family's house!

The letter bottle which enthusiasts would most like to find was posted off the West Indies in a wooden cask in 1493. Mailed during a hurricane, it describes the fears of a tiny group of mariners whose small ship was tossed unmercifully by the raging ocean.

The world knows that this letter was posted, for the captain made a note of it in his ship's log. The name of the captain was Christopher Columbus.

Office Overtones

Salesman to sales manager: "One good thing about not getting the account, we'll never worry about losing it." —*Tide*

Wife to weary businessman: "I don't see why you should be too tired to go out. All you do is sit in a nice office all day!"
—Jay Alan

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THE MAGIC OF MUSIC

by WILLIAM L. STIDGER

THE POET HAS TOLD US that music has charms to soothe the savage breast. But there is also a magic in music, so soft and yet so strong that sometimes it can beat down even the hatreds and passions of modern civilization. One man who has watched this spell at work is Roland Hayes, the famed Negro tenor, who tells this story.

"At one of my scheduled concerts in Berlin in 1924, I had a terrifying experience. The French were occupying the Rhine and were policing it with Negro troops, and German indignation ran high. At the time I was in Prague. The American Consul there received several letters protesting against my singing in Berlin, asking if an American Negro was to insult the spirit of Goethe, Schiller, and other great German writers by singing plantation songs in Beethoven Hall.

"The Consul advised me not to go to Berlin. However, I went. On the night of my concert, I took a closed taxi with my Negro accompanist to Beethoven Hall.

"The hall was packed with people, with hundreds standing. At 8 o'clock I walked onto the stage with my accompanist, to be greeted by a barrage of hisses full of hatred.

"I had never had that experience before. But I remembered my mission. I did then what I have always done at the beginning of a concert. When I step on any stage I recall to myself that I am merely an in-

From the *Human Side of Greatness* by William L. Stidger. Copyright, 1946, by Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

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strument through which my mission is being fulfilled.

"So I stood there with hands clasped before me, praying; praying that Roland Hayes might be entirely blotted out of the picture; that the people sitting there might feel only the spirit of God flowing through melody and rhythm; that racial and national prejudices might be forgotten.

"Usually when I do that sincerely, the audience instinctively feels what is happening as I commune with my Father. But that was the hardest audience I ever faced. However, as I stood there I had no doubts. I stepped to the curve of the piano, head up and eyes closed, letting the Spirit do its work and waiting for that hissing to die down.

"Two minutes, three, four, five, on into an interminable ten minutes, the hissing continued. I waited for silence. Would it never come? Ten minutes passed, and then the hissing and stamping of feet stopped abruptly.

"Without turning my head, I asked my accompanist to take from his music case Schubert's *Thou Art My Peace*. It begins softly, almost in a whisper. As the clear notes of the song floated out over the crowd, a silence fell on them.

"It was not a personal victory. It was the victory of a Power which is far greater than I am, a Power strong enough to subdue the hatred in that Berlin audience."

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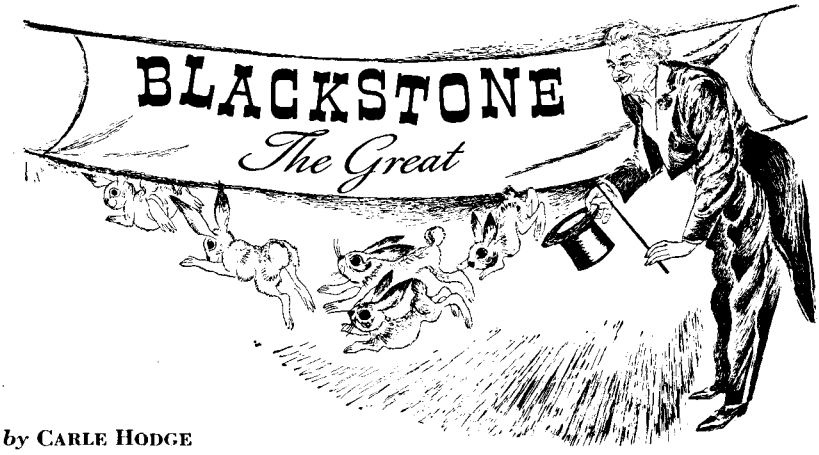

by CARLE HODGE

For almost 50 years, he has been confounding audiences with his black magic

A SNAP OF the great Blackstone's finger is enough to make pretty girls vanish or flickering light bulbs bobble eerily about in midair. He can saw a woman in half with ease and then, by chanting his Mumbo-Jumbo, quickly put her together again. Yet, the trick the master magician himself is least likely to forget was one which required no abracadabra at all.

It took place in Decatur, Illinois, and it put to a severe test the spell Blackstone the Great has cast over audiences for almost 50 years. The theater was packed. Just before curtain time, a fireman rushed backstage with word that an adjoining building was ablaze.

The auditorium would have to be evacuated, and Blackstone knew that if the audience suspected why, dozens might be trampled in a stampede for the exits. Hastily but coolly, he stepped onto the stage.

The footlights went up, silhouetting his spindly six-foot frame, glistening on his dark wispy mustache and his wild mane of white hair. His eyebrows arched over coldly probing brown eyes. The effect was that of a figure suddenly taking shape in a burst of smoke.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "for the first time in America . . ."

He promised to perform the fabled Hindu rope trick. A rope would thrust itself upward. A boy would climb it and then vanish, through the magician's powers. All the audience need do was walk, not run, out the back exit and onto the vacant lot next door. In a matter of minutes the cavernous theater was emptied.

The bewitched customers didn't see the rope trick—though Blackstone can out-hocus any Indian fakir who ever faked—but a disaster may well have been avoided.

Audiences watching Blackstone agree to experiencing an unearthly sensation of brushing against the unknown. Even the most worldly

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suppress a shudder at his "Dancing Handkerchief" act. For this witchcraft, he borrows a spectator's handkerchief, knots it, hurls it to the floor, and—as the lights dim—commands it to leap and dance.

When he stoops to pick it up, it pecks furiously at him. Finally he seizes it and rushes down into the audience. Even there the enchanted handkerchief tugs and heaves like something alive.

Harry Blackstone is one of the last of a breed: the vaudeville or "full-show" magician. At 65, he is one of the few remaining jacks-of-all-magic in the tradition of Kellar, Herrmann, Houdini, and Thurston. Each season he threatens to retire. He probably never will.

Blackstone's legerdemain has a flavor which probably no other magician achieves. An aura of black magic clings to his performances. When he calmly proceeds with, say, his "A Lady Cut in Half" act, men have fainted.

The chief prop of this great buzz-saw illusion is a mammoth circular saw mounted on a platform. To prove that the instrument is real, he shoves through a block of wood into which the dragon-teeth bite with a spine-tickling shriek.

Then a pretty girl assistant lies down on a platform directly behind the saw, her midriff bared. The magician hypnotizes her. He flips a switch, and the saw whirrs, closer and faster, as music thunders from the organ (standard background for any Blackstone show) into a haunting crescendo.

As the blade rips into her, the girl screams. The saw tears straight through her waist, slicing her neatly in two. After her robe is slipped on and she is helped to her feet, Blackstone shakes and slaps her out of her coma. She smiles and walks off into the wings.

For the past seven years the martyr in this bisection has been a shapely little brunette named Betty Stolle, Blackstone's chief assistant. Miss Stolle, who is in her early twenties, figures she has been sawed in half some 10,000 times, and she delights in it. But her job is not without occupational hazards.

One of her chores is to stand in a cabinet, a sort of medieval torture device, and permit 24-foot-long light bulbs to pierce her body. Not long ago in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, one of the bulbs burst and set her filmy costume afire. Blackstone had to strip off the flaming garment, right there on the stage.

BLACKSTONE RELIES aplenty on intricately mechanical contraptions, but uses neither mirrors nor trap doors. He scoffs, too, at the old belief that the magician's hand is quicker than the audience's eye.

"No such thing," he insists. "The eye can follow anything the hand can do. Sleight-of-hand really is the science of misdirected thought." The magician's task, that is, hinges on distracting the audience, getting it to watch something else, while the rabbit is eased *into* the hat.

At this, Blackstone the Great is superbly skilled. In his weird duck trick, a wooden tub is turned upside down to show that it is empty. Water is poured into the tub, Blackstone fires a revolver, and six ducks scramble out. Then the little fowl are shooed into a cabinet. Again, Blackstone shoots the gun. Assistants lift the cabinet, shake it,

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fold it up, and carry it off the stage. No ducks.

What happened to them? The ducks were whisked away while the audience, its thoughts misdirected, intently peered elsewhere.

This sort of greased-lightning performance requires the patient practice of a piano virtuoso. Blackstone has done it. At the age when most lads tie Boy Scout knots, he was knotting handkerchiefs and making them disappear. He practiced six hours a day for four years before working his wonders in public.

Originally named Onré Bouton (which is how his French Huguenot parents christened him), the youth hoped to be an artist. But when he was 12, young Bouton saw the great Kellar, who later became his fast friend, do his rope escape at McVicker's Theater in Chicago. Entranced, the boy sold papers to buy balcony tickets, and went back every night for a week.

He was convinced that Kellar was indeed a sorcerer until his father, a milliner, suggested his son see what the public library might contain on conjuring. The how-to-do-it books Harry found there only whetted his thirst; he promptly decided to be a magician.

His father died, though, and Harry had to get a job. He loaded milk bottles, worked for a baker, ran a lathe for a maker of magical equipment. Every time he custom-built some gimmick for a big-time magician, Blackstone would quietly run out a second one for himself.

It was five years after he had watched the sensational Kellar before Harry waved his own wand on a stage. The boy whose wizardry eventually would make him a millionaire performed gratis for his mother's Eastern Star lodge. A vaudeville booking agent happened to be present; impressed by the 17-year-old's skill, he offered Harry a job on the road.

About two years later, Pete Bouton, who is two years younger but bears a startling resemblance to Harry, joined his brother to tour the Midwest in an act they billed as "Straight and Crooked Magic." They seldom earned more than $25 a week in those days and, to stock the larder, Harry sometimes read palms in carnival tents or worked as a spirit medium.

About this time, a printer offered the Boutons a vast supply of posters ordered by a magician calling himself Frederick the Great. Harry bought the posters and changed his name. He changed it again—to Blackstone—during World War I when Frederick the Great became a name not highly regarded. The Blackstone was borrowed from maternal relatives and not, as legend persists, from a Chicago hotel.

As Blackstone, he brought new glamour to the art by bedecking his girl assistants in more elaborate finery than magic had ever known. While other magicians made their assistants vanish, Blackstone, shot from a cannon, made *himself* disappear. This earnestness about his work helped build up a phenomenal following, and a fat purse. He has grossed as much as $400,000 in a nine-month season.

With his 16-year-old son, Harry, Jr., Blackstone now lives mostly in his ranch-type home in Tucson, Arizona. He also owns a producing oil well in Texas, a Hollywood house, and a 208-acre estate near

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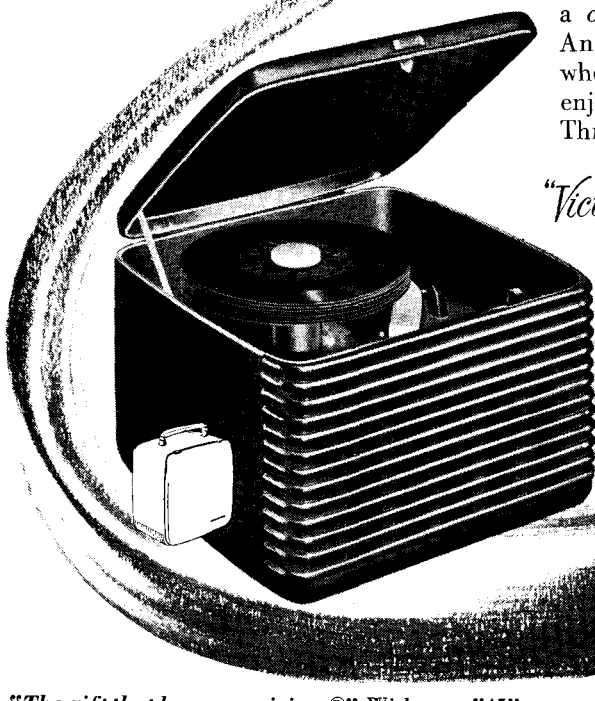

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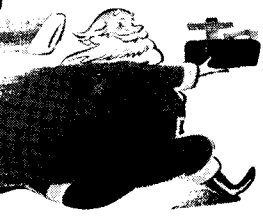

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Colon, Michigan. Colon is his headquarters. There he keeps his hobby collection of unique street lamps (one given him by Henry Ford), raises mint on 12,000 acres of near-by marshland, and builds his own props.

Even offstage, in quiet gray suit and gaudy tie, Blackstone is ever the magician. His voice is resonant, his manner amiably knowing; and magic has yet to pall on him. "I still like to do tricks," he chuckles. Many a waiter has been pleased at the coin Blackstone left in his hand, then astounded to see that it suddenly was gone. On a USO tour of service bases during World War II, he lifted the campaign ribbons off Gen. Mark Clark's tunic.

During his many years of hocus-pocus, Blackstone estimates he has given away some 128,000 rabbits. He presents at least one to a child during each performance, and several on Saturdays. By now he is giving rabbits to youngsters whose parents received rabbits from him when they were children.

During the Coolidge administration, when Blackstone arrived at the White House to give a private performance, a Secret Service agent frisked him at the door for concealed weapons. He found none—and he didn't discover the rabbits the magician was carrying, either. After Harry had given his performance and made off with the President's fountain pen, he was ready to go. As he left, he slid a bunny from the Secret Service man's coat. Then, from his own pocket, he handed back the agent's pistol.

Calvin Coolidge, famed for his understatements, came through with a classic. "This man," he said straight-faced, "is a magician!"

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Coronet Selects:

PRESIDENTS WHO HAVE KNOWN ME by George E. Allen (*Simon & Schuster*).

GEORGE ALLEN, White House jester to two Presidents, hails from Booneville, Mississippi, but settled in Washington because it was a place where people liked to talk and had time for it. Not many men can make a career of kibitzing, but Allen did, and this account of his progress from gags to riches is one of the funniest, frothiest books of political reminiscences to emerge from the Capital in years.

Allen jingles his bells from first page to last, but, like most jesters, he saw a lot more than people supposed. "I judge a man by the sort of thing he laughs at," he confesses with a grin, admitting in the same breath that, by this unusual rule of thumb, President Roosevelt didn't rate quite as high as the "superlatively normal" President Truman. In his more serious moods (and there are some), he talks an entertaining brand of horse sense.

Mr. Allen narrates his White House story with becoming modesty, as befits one who has so much to be modest about. For its tonic optimism, shrewd common sense, and clown's-eye view of our troubled times, this is CORONET's Selection of the Month.

Coronet Recommends:

BELLES ON THEIR TOES
by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr. and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey (*Thomas Y. Crowell*).

THE GALLOPING Gilbreths are on the rampage again in this high-spirited successor to *Cheaper by the Dozen*. Mother goes off to Europe in this book, which was rather like lifting the lid off a kettle on the boil. Aided and abetted by Tom, a dim-witted factotum, the Gilbreths spill over these pages like kids over a playground.

This brings the Gilbreths up to the present, so take another look at an American family that found safety in numbers and happiness in unity.

RED MASQUERADE
by Angela Calomiris (*Lippincott*).

THIS IS A documented exposé of the Communist Party's termite operations by a girl who embraced the faith at the behest of the FBI. As official Party photographer, Miss Calomiris for seven years reported on Red activities, especially their methods of puppeteering through "front" organizations.

Now she bares the whole conspiracy with the forthrightness of a girl who has watched some sleazy history being made. No one reading this timely book can any longer doubt the real aims of the Communist Party in America.

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Ideal Pictures' Giant Catalog

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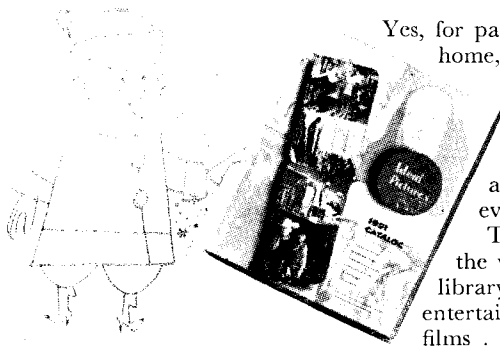

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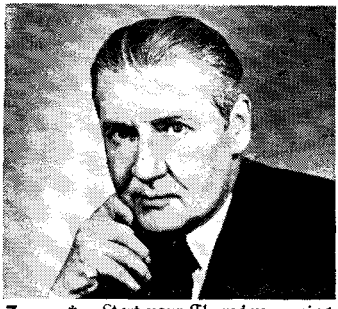
For a TREAT

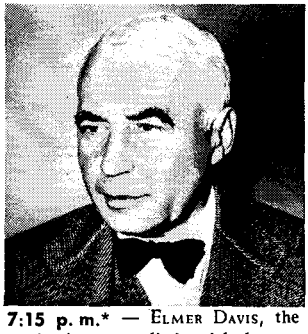


7 p. m.* — *Start your Thursday evening* of lively listening on your local ABC station with Edwin C. Hill and THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS. *(Dolcin)*

8 p. m.* — SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS — now a full hour on ABC! Twice as long, twice as romantic! Your favorite stars (including Joan Fontaine and Gregory Peck, above) re-enact your favorite movies.

9:45 p. m.* — ROBERT MONTGOMERY brings you his intimate and interesting views on world events. It's a timely, stimulating discussion of today's headline topics. *(Lee Hats)*

7:05 p. m.* — HEADLINE EDITION with Taylor Grant. On-the-spot interviews with the people who make the news. Many exclusive first-hand reports and "scoops."



7:15 p. m.* — ELMER DAVIS, the nation's most distinguished commentator separates the wheat from the chaff to give you a clear, concise analysis of world news.

7:30 p. m.* — ARMSTRONG OF SBI presents exciting dramas! I how the Scientific Bureau of I tigation uses latest methods in detection. *(Wheaties)*

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Every Thursday!

TREAT YOURSELF and your family to three solid hours of solid entertainment every Thursday night! Tune your radio dial! — and *leave* it tuned — to your local American Broadcasting Company station . . . for news, adventure music and fun. At 9 o'clock,* you'll all enjoy Ted Mack (right) on the one and only ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR. Top talent, top tunes, a top show! *(Old Gold Cigarettes)*

*All times listed are Eastern Standard Time. For time in your locality, consult your local newspaper.

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THE

Little Red Hen

. . . one of the most charming of all children's stories, now brought to the screen by Coronet Films. The delightful fable of the busy little hen and her lazy barnyard friends "*comes to life*" to enchant youngsters of all ages.

The Little Red Hen joins these other new 16mm sound motion pictures in Coronet's series of children's films: *Frisky, The Calf; Sparky, The Colt;* and *Spotty: Story of a Fawn.* Remember—these movies *instruct* as well as entertain . . . they help children to build their vocabularies and give them valuable lessons in nature study.

NOW is the time to reserve these superior children's films for your Christmas showings.

Coronet Films Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois

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Right this minute

more people are drinking Nescafé

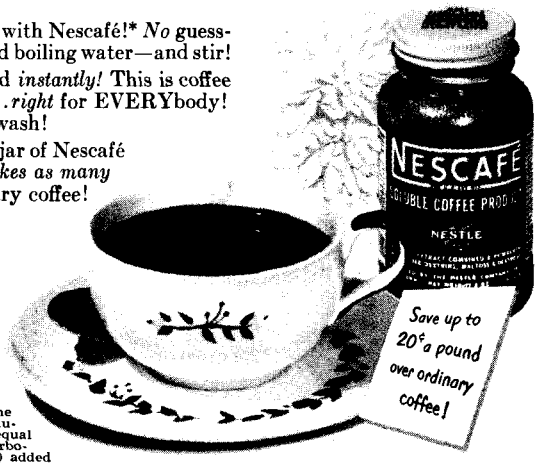
than all other Instant Coffees.

For Pure Coffee Enjoyment!

You can't help getting great coffee with Nescafé!* *No* guesswork! Just measure-to-taste...add boiling water—and stir!

The pure coffee richness is released *instantly!* This is coffee made *right...right* this minute...*right* for EVERYbody! No grounds...no messy pot to wash!

You save money! Even the 4-oz. jar of Nescafé —which costs *so* much less—*makes as many cups* as a whole pound of ordinary coffee!



Nescafé

makes coffee right

... this minute!

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product which is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

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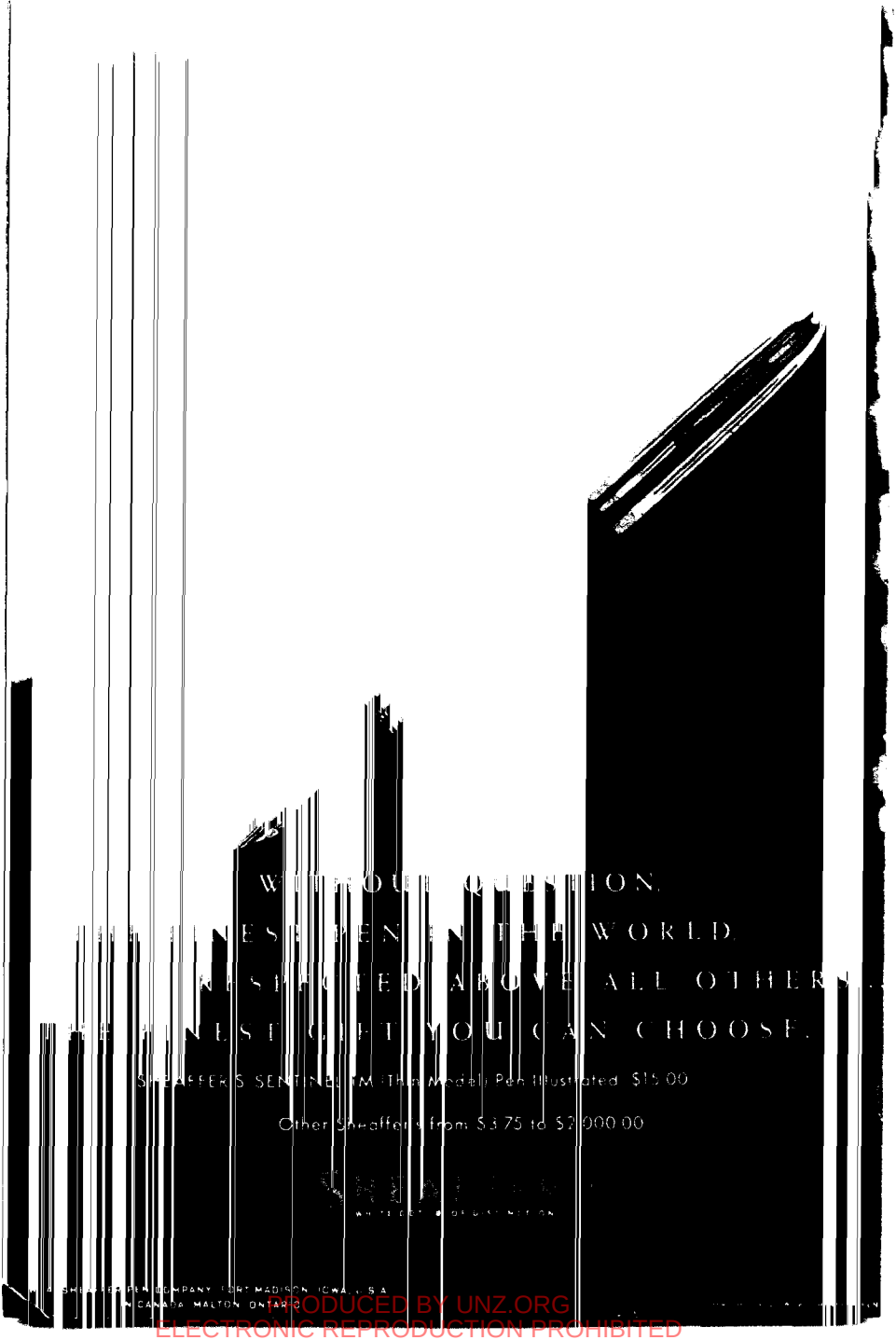

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